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We beg to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The Speaker of the House of Commons made this week a striking forecast—he "guessed" that this Parliament would last till the end of 1914 or early in 1915. He must base his forecast on probabilities open to all—it seems extremely unlikely he should have inner information to go upon. Largely no doubt he predicts on the strength of the Parliament Act. Nevertheless Unionists have always to be on their guard.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer reminds one of a notorious picture in the Academy, "The Fallen Idol"—except that he is not on his knees. We notice with amusement that some of his former idolaters on the Radical Press are winding up his labours for him at the Treasury, and suggesting that his reforming zeal would now find more scope in some other department. The name of that department is not given, but the Local Government Board of course is meant. We especially like the idea of Mr. Burns giving up his billet there to one of the "Bounding Brothers" as the story-tellers say he was wont himself to describe them.

Unfortunately all these re-arrangements in the Ministry, owing to the Marconi affair, leave one thing quite out of account—the views and intentions of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. If he means to leave the Treasury it will be plain sailing enough—though we doubt exceedingly whether he would find it as easy to walk into the Local Government Board as to walk out of the Treasury. But what reason is there really to suppose he means to do anything of the kind? Perhaps there could be only one thing at the opening of Parliament which would surprise members more than the announcement of his application for the Chiltern Hundreds—an announcement of his application for the Kingship of Albania.

Those who have the idea, also those who would wish to have the idea, that Home Rule is settled, the thing done and to be made the best of, had better look toward Belfast at this moment. Sir Edward Carson may be flogging a dead horse, but it is very evident the horse does not know he is dead, and is just as mettlesome as though he were alive. The Unionists of Ulster entirely believe they can stop the coming of Home Rule. Theirs is the spirit which wins impossible victories; the spirit which counts for more than the balance of resources which bloodless folk calculate so carefully. That spirit permeating the whole Opposition and the whole Unionist party could and would make things impossible for the Government. This is war—it is not ordinary politics—and every device which can throw a difficulty or half a difficulty in the Ministerial way must be seized upon eagerly. Harass them all the time; pin-pricks behind; grand assault in front.

Mid-Cornwall Liberals have decided to stomach Mr. Agar Robartes in spite of his opposition to Home Rule. He is so good a boy in other ways that the Liberal Association sees "no reason for taking any steps to interfere with the cordial relation at present existing". But he is to "temper his opposition" to the Bill by the knowledge that the Association favours it. Mr. Robartes must be pleased indeed to get this almost clean bill. Certainly very few members have his independence and still fewer would be allowed to hold their seats if they had. Between him and his caucus honours are about easy. He can refuse to be coerced, and they can refuse to have him; for S. Austell is a dead safe Liberal seat.

We are still waiting to apologise to the "Westminster Gazette" for approving Mr. Bonar Law's saying that the Government by their Plural Voting Bill hope to pack the jury ere they go to trial—waiting to apologise when the "Westminster" shows that Mr. Bonar Law was wrong. So far we wait in vain. The "Westminster", returning to the matter this week, would explain that the Bill merely takes away the right of any member of the jury to more than one vote. Cannot the "Westminster" see that this is essentially the thing the Bill does not do? It aims certainly at taking away the Tory juryman's right in this. It aims,

if the "Westminster" likes the expression better, at unpacking the Unionist element from the jury.

But, doing so, it leaves the Irish Nationalist members of the jury with of course a far greater power than ever. They, as everyone admits, are much over-represented on the jury as it is. How much more must they of necessity be over-represented when the Government have challenged out of the jury as much as they possibly can of the Unionist element!

In short, the Government in this Bill, by unpacking the Unionists, and by leaving their supporters (much over-represented as they are) untouched, are immensely increasing the power of their own side of the jury. Where in the world, then, is the fault of Mr. Bonar Law's metaphor? Surely a man may be said to "pack the jury" before his trial when he greatly reduces the voting power of jurymen who he believes will be against him, and yet carefully refrains from touching the voting power of his friends on the jury who by his act must have a far greater power than they had before?

Of course if the "Westminster" objects to the metaphor on literary grounds, considers it worn, let it go. No doubt it is worn. All these favourite metaphors are clichés in party politics. Only it struck one, and after the "Westminster's" explanation it strikes one more than ever, that this particular metaphor was founded on severe truth.

From his speech at Bradford on Tuesday it seems that Mr. Pease is to unfold the great education scheme to the House of Commons in a few days. Fate is certainly a great ironist. Lord Londonderry was selected for the Department of Intellect and now Mr. J. A. Pease. But this time fate is not content with one stroke but would heighten the effect by putting into Mr. Pease's hands the conduct of an educational new creation. Lord Londonderry at any rate had Sir Robert Morant behind him. Mr. Pease may not have rushed in and Mr. Birrell may not have feared to tread; but is Mr. Pease likely to succeed where Mr. Birrell failed? No doubt the ordinary dog often does succeed better than the genius; but surely not quite in education. We tremble for Mr. Pease's bones. He is treading the strewn road. He will soon be crunching Mr. Birrell's whitening "relics", Mr. McKenna's, Mr. Runciman's. What premium would an insurance company want to insure Mr. Pease's bones?

Not that the tone of Mr. Pease has any offence in it. Quite the other way. He is an angel beside Mr. McKenna, and we really believe he is more anxious to improve education than to damage the Church. He must talk of the Nonconformist grievance—not that it is his nature to but it is the nature of his party—but it is still possible he also sees and will provide for the Church grievance; which Mr. Bridgeman and Mr. Jackson have touched very happily, speaking to the Church Schools Teachers and Managers this week. Grant and remove both grievances and there is fair play and the trouble over. But if only the Nonconformist grievance is to be considered, Mr. Pease's bones will not be worth a day's purchase. To a real Education Bill every chance will be given by our side. Something indeed must be done, or tried, to stay the collapse after leaving school. But Mr. Pease thinks the foundation laid at the elementary school is "good". Well, if he thinks that, we have not much hope for his superstructure. The first step is to find out why the elementary school has not done what it was meant to do.

Some M.P. ought to call the attention of Mr. Lloyd George to what is happening in London under his Old Age Pensions Act. Dr. Waldo, the City and Southwark Coroner, has held inquests on a brother and sister, pensioners, who died of starvation. They lived together, trying to live on seven shillings after their three shillings rent was paid. Dr. Waldo told the jury such deaths were not uncommon in London; and the jury thought the Act was doing more harm there than good, as it was

absurd that people with nothing but the pension should try to live on five shillings a week. For London, at any rate, the Act should be amended, and the Pension Officers should have a discretion in granting pensions. It was not intended to keep people out of the work-house by letting them commit suicide by starvation in their own rooms.

The Labour party's friends in the co-operative societies have been defeated in the attempt to turn the co-operative movement into Socialistic channels. A vote of three to one at the Aberdeen Co-operative Congress against any political union shows that though the Labour party is quite eager to capture the descendants of the Rochdale Pioneers, these are not yet so amenable as the Trade Unions. It would be very good business to get the contributions of co-operative societies to replenish the Socialist war-chest. The co-operative societies try to do business by buying cheap and selling dear. They are business concerns; and if they were handed over to the Socialists, they would be turned completely upside down. They have saved themselves by rejecting the Labour party's insidious advances.

The British Socialist party is "for the most part capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb shows and noise". Their meetings this week at Blackpool may be briefly described as free-thinking, free-speaking, and free-fighting. "For goodness sake", said Mr. Hyndman at last, "let us have no more squabbling." In a comparatively lucid interval the British Socialist Party commended the militant suffragettes and the splendid work they were doing. Is it wonderful that Socialism is confused with the breaking up of laws? A prominent Socialist has described Socialism in this country as the right ideas, but the wrong people. The right ideas are certainly less conspicuous than the wrong people at meetings of the party here.

Mr. Ramsay Macdonald and Mr. Keir Hardie are going to be straw-editors, or, if need be, prison-editors, of the "Suffragette". Mr. Macdonald does not think a newspaper should be suppressed even if it preaches arson. Law-breaking copies of the paper, he thinks, might be impounded; but he would not suspend the issue. Mr. Macdonald is therefore going to "edit" the "Suffragette" himself. He will see that no illegal incitements are offered in its pages. He will make it a law-abiding paper. Then if he is sent to prison, Mr. Keir Hardie will be editor in his stead. When Mr. Hardie is sent to prison another Labour leader will offer himself for the job. So it will go on till the whole Labour party is under lock and key.

We do not quite see the point of all these elaborate arrangements. Nor does the Government; which on Thursday proclaimed, as everyone expected it would proclaim, that the "Suffragette" might issue with impunity, so long as it contained no matter that brought it within penalties of the law. Mr. Macdonald picks a quarrel with discretion. The bravery of his defiance is wonderful when the enemy runs away.

Mr. Macdonald as a parliamentary Labour man is well broken to snubs of the Government. They are to be borne in the common way of political business. But the snub of Miss Christabel Pankhurst is cruel. Miss Pankhurst objects to the "Suffragette" issuing as a law-fearing newspaper. She refuses Mr. Macdonald for her hero. Her heroes must be made of sterner stuff. She will not have the "Suffragette" used as a merely peaceable demonstration in favour of free speech. Mr. Macdonald, between the Government which refuses to quarrel and Miss Pankhurst who refuses him for a champion, is quite pitiable. This is what comes of trying to be a hero in the true Labour parliamentary fashion, carefully insuring your heroism against risks before engaging.

Suffragettes complain that when windows are broken or houses burned the owners "take a personal view of the matter". The waitresses at Kew, Miss Kerr seems to think, who found the tea-pavilion in

ruins, and themselves out of work, could only feel thankful and glad that so vigorous a blow had been struck in their behalf. "If you had seen the women's faces", said the proprietor at Bow Street on Tuesday, "when they came to us and saw the building burnt down, you would have a contrary opinion." It is strange how perversely limited are the views of law-abiding men and women—strange that Mr. Lewis Harcourt should resent the burning of his house—the children's wing of it; or that tradesmen should resent the breaking of their windows. Perhaps the suffragettes are learning at last that it is neither wise nor safe to disregard the "personal view" of people who expect to sleep quietly in their beds under protection of the law.

The disclosures at Bow Street show how heartlessly the fanatical strong women of the movement have played on the vanity and stage-struck "heroism" of the weaker and younger members. All that machinery of medals "For Valour", sashes, decorations, illuminated addresses, and so forth thoroughly bears out the charges preferred against the Pankhurst group by Mrs. Billington Greig. The older women encouraged all these pretty illusions of their "girls", deliberately exciting in them a state of mind which, literally, was not responsible.

Things are getting quieter in the Near East. An international detachment under British command has taken over Scutari without incident, and King Nicholas is posing before his people as a good man bullied out of his rights. The attitude may help him and does not trouble Europe. The peace preliminaries have not yet been signed, but Bulgaria has published her casualty lists. One man in every twenty-five of her total male population has been killed or wounded—a lesson to us English in the meaning of modern war. The publication of the lists just now is an appeal ad misericordiam. After such sacrifices Bulgaria asks Europe to treat her generously. What is more, she makes it quite clear that she wants peace. She cannot afford further losses.

Sir Gerard Lowther will leave Constantinople more quietly than he arrived. Five years ago the Constitution had just been proclaimed and Turkey was to be regenerated on the British model. The best that can be said of the ambassador is that his head was not turned by his reception. He made no great mark in Turkey, but no ambassador can nowadays. The telegraph has gained ground ever since Baron Marschall's time. During the crisis all the important work was done in London, and the ambassador was a mere agent acting on instructions. That is why his resignation a few weeks before the expiry of his term leaves matters much as they were, though his despatches will make interesting reading some day.

How is it that anything has got out about the Baghdad railway negotiations? We are assured that nothing has been finally settled but that a settlement is in the making. Turkey is to recognise Britain's position on the Persian Gulf and to hand over her share in the line from Baghdad onwards. Nothing is said about Turkish compensation. Has Sir Edward Grey let the facts out to see how Germany takes them? If so he will not be pleased, for the German Press is angry and has reminded the German Government of its own past declarations. An early official statement is desirable. Nothing could be worse than a newspaper war based on rumours.

The bitter fight over the Naval Bill in the Canadian House of Commons was brought to an end on Thursday with the assistance of the closure. Up to the last the Liberals refused any compromise, and with them rests the responsibility for the introduction of the guillotine. They have come very badly out of the affair. When they have failed on a question of policy they have not hesitated to descend to personalities such as Mr. Lemieux' attack on Commander Roper. As Mr. Churchill's memorandum was shamefully misread and misapplied by the Laurierites in the first instance,

so now the same party seek to show that a British officer concocted a report after the General Election and dated it back in order to prejudice the Laurier proposals.

Mr. Hazen had as little difficulty in disposing of this malicious attack as had Mr. Borden in dealing with the suggestion that Mr. Churchill had attempted to dictate Canada's naval policy. What the fate of the Bill will be in the Senate no one ventures to predict. So far the only sign given by the leaders of the Liberal majority in that Chamber does not encourage a belief that the views of Sir Wilfrid Laurier will be upheld. Mr. Borden's attitude seems quite firm. He will not accept any amendment which would qualify the Imperial character of the measure: it must be passed or rejected.

The proposal to celebrate a hundred years' peace between the United States and Great Britain has set American politicians by the ears; tactlessly submitted the German Ambassador to speeches of questionable taste; and drawn upon busy Mr. Carnegie an explosion of patriotic wrath from American gentlemen who think he builds too many libraries in England. Mr. Bryan is at the heart of the storm. The Irish-Americans counted on him to scotch this peace-junketing, after his vigorous attack upon the English House of Lords. But Mr. Bryan has disappointed them in wonderful metaphors about Dreadnoughts of Love and the Compass of Affection. Meantime the "imported British aristocrats", as the "Irish World" describes the English delegates of peace, are dining.

The Gresham Professor of Physic has a subject of unfailling interest in his lectures at the City of London School on "Drugs, Old and New". It is sometimes said that this is the age of the quack, but really there is very little to choose between one age and another. The lecturer said £2,000,000 every year was spent in quack medicines chiefly by the poor; and he inferred from this that they do so because they are more credulous than other people. This is rather doubtful. In other ages all classes shared the same superstitions about the magical effects of various horrible drugs. Very likely the chief difference now is that the well-to-do employ doctors while the poor buy quack medicines instead.

This agrees with what the lecturer said about the sales of proprietary medicines having largely decreased since the administration of benefit under the Insurance Act. If this is true, something can be placed to the credit of the Act; but it does not imply that the poor have become more rational and less superstitious than they are at present. The lecturer himself says that the patient of old did not differ from his twentieth-century descendant. It is as much a superstition to believe in faith-healers and other kinds of psychological impostors as to have too much faith in drugs. The quack varies, but he plays on the same avidity for magical cures whether he is prescribing unicorns' horns or teaching his patient to despise physical appliances.

The project for a League of dramatic tasters is too good to be allowed to drop. The whole problem of many managers with good plays is to hold out financially till the public becomes aware of them. It takes several weeks for playgoers to hear of good work in new places; and during these weeks of discovery the manager is losing money very rapidly. Thus arises the heavy infant mortality of good plays; for a comparatively unknown producer of good plays is not usually a capitalist who can afford to wait the public's time. The Drama League would change all that—being a League of amateur playgoers which will attend the theatres and circularise its members whenever any good thing seems to be expiring untimely.

The Drama League is rather a set-back for the professional critics. Are not the professional critics precisely designed for these services of the Drama League? Do they not circularise the public the

morning after the first performance of every play? The Drama League seems to be hinting, not obscurely, that critics are incompetent. Amateur playgoers of intelligence and taste know quite well that, when anything really new or original is toward, the professional expert is useless. The dramatic critics as a class have made nobody's reputation; have discovered no new thing; have helped no manager of real ability to draw the educated public to his theatre. The Drama League may well do better than they. Meantime it must carefully avoid identifying itself with any particular dramatic group or society. London cliques are the worst enemies of London drama. If the Drama League merely adds to their number, it will be one nuisance the more.

The fraud upon Mr. Bernard Shaw, whose story has slipped out into the newspapers this week, is a tale of the magnificence of successful playwrights. Mr. Shaw writes open cheques for five hundred or six hundred pounds, to oblige his political friends, while their messengers wait at the door. The swindler who got to know of these pleasant habits of Mr. Shaw, and pretended to come from Mr. Pethick Lawrence, seems to have had no difficulty in cashing his open cheque at sight. Bank messengers are clearly used to handing over vast sums in notes and gold at the mere sight of Mr. Shaw's very beautiful handwriting.

Is it not time that Mr. Shaw no longer posed as a pioneer of playwriting, one who needs encouragement, even endowment, to deliver his message to the public? At a meeting of the National Memorial Theatre on Thursday he told his audience that if the Shakespeare Fund began to be used to endow "institutions of a pioneering kind", little would be left for the Memorial Theatre when it came to be built. He would want a little, Mr. Granville Barker would want a little, Mr. William Poel would want more, and so forth. This rings like very false coin beside that open cheque for £525; beside Fanny's little runs; and beside the great adventures of Mr. Barker at the "Kingsway."

Where the Hog's Back, west of Guildford, ends on the borders of Surrey and Hampshire, stands the house of Moor Park, which has seen many changes of fortune and ownership since its name was changed from Compton Hall by Sir William Temple in 1680, and has now been once more sold. He laid out its gardens in the Dutch manner, which was so dear to him, and re-named it in memory of what he described as "the perfectest figure of a garden I ever saw, either at home or abroad". This, the original Moor Park, near Rickmansworth, was at various times in the possession of the Earl of Monmouth, the Countess of Bedford, the Earl of Pembroke, and Sir Richard Franklin—the "Cousin Franklin" so frequently mentioned, in her famous letters to Temple, by Dorothy Osborne. It was at the Hertfordshire Moor Park that Temple and she spent their honeymoon.

Round the Moor Park near Farnham, however, even more remarkable associations are gathered. William III. visited Temple here, and the gardens, which contained a canal, must have been familiar to Izaak Walton, who often stayed at the Castle hard by. But an even greater name occurs to the literary topographer. It was here that Jonathan Swift met his Stella, and it was here that he wrote "The Battle of the Books"; it is cruel to think of the difference between the two romances, that of Temple and Dorothy, and that of Swift and Stella. And, if Temple's executors carried out faithfully all the provisions of his will, it is here, under a sundial in the garden, that Temple's heart was buried in a silver box. Strange that in later days Moor Park has been a sanatorium!

Mr. Punch has always been famed for his jocosity, rightly famed. We fear, however, he is not quite strong on the literary side. He has been making merry over the SATURDAY REVIEW's imaginary error in writing of the eagle mewing its mighty youth. And yet there are people who would sooner err with Milton than guffaw with "Punch".

THE BELFAST REVIEW.

SIR EDWARD CARSON does not weary of well-doing. Even if we look at him from the opposite point of view and say "ill doing", we should have to admit that he does not weary. This fine fighting man does not faint. Even his keenest political enemies cannot help admiring his courage, nor help liking him for it. For Sir Edward Carson has the reward of most honest hard-fighters, the esteem and something more like the affection of his opponents. Here at any rate is a man who knows what he means and can say it, and is not afraid to back his word. Sir Edward Carson has grown from a conspicuous into a great figure. In present-day politics he comes nearest to the heroic. He compels regard, but only those who know more than appears on the surface realise how peculiarly he deserves regard. Not ambition, not love of the fray, no possibility of gain, has brought out Sir Edward Carson to the front of this fight. He is not particularly fond of politics—he would be glad enough to be free of them—he has ill-health to struggle against and domestic sorrow. Would he take on all this distasteful business—this noise of oratory and arms—if he did not feel that some tremendous duty compelled him? Sir Edward Carson's part in the business is enough in itself to prevent any but an ignorant fool taking the Ulster matter lightly. This sort of man does not talk "blood and thunder" for fun. He is an Irishman, and he is at the head of Irish Unionism, which has its heart in Ulster. He is an Ulster intransigent truly in opposition to Home Rule, but he is not a barbarian who can see nothing in Home Rule but anti-Ulster-Protestantism. He can see the situation from an Imperial side, and from the English point of view as well. Throughout he has steadied and restrained religious antipathy. It is possible for English Unionists—even Roman Catholics—contentedly to range themselves behind Sir Edward Carson.

There has been—perhaps there is—a danger of the whole Ulster position being taken to be a question of Ulster. It is certainly true that but for Ulster most Englishmen—not Liberals alone—would not be thinking much of Home Rule. Some Unionists here do think of Home Rule as a question of Ulster, and may even have the sneaking belief—we say it with shame—that but for Ulster the matter might be arranged. But if there were no Ulster, and never had been an Ulster, nor any Boyne, nor William the Dutchman, nor Cromwell, Home Rule would be a vital issue, and the duty of opposing it without qualification and without compromise paramount as now. It is unfortunate that Unionist orators—Mr. F. E. Smith is an instance—sometimes argue as though opposition to Home Rule were the consequence and nothing else of Cromwell's policy and campaign in Ireland; or as though every Unionist to-day stood side by side with those chivalrous Ironsides who massacred women and children and burnt churches as deliberate policy. No doubt this is good advocacy in certain parts, and it is difficult for a professional advocate to forget his cunning. But when he is speaking as statesman he should remember that the jury he addresses is not contained in the crowd before him. Whether he will or not, he is also appealing to a greater jury, many of whom may loathe to be confounded with Cromwell's doings and utterly repudiate any descent from the men who brought in the precious heritage of the Hanoverian succession and the Whig dispensation. The orator should also remember that there are thousands of Roman Catholic Unionists, some of them in the South and West of Ireland—isolated outposts in the enemy's land; these will not relish their courageous stand for the Union being described as part of an age-long crusade against the Scarlet Woman. Comprehensiveness is part of the strength of the Unionist cause; we may be Roman Catholics with no historic sympathy with the Plantation and yet as Britons of to-day take our place in the fighting line against Home Rule side by side and in the same spirit with the Ulsterman who looks back for his inspiration to the siege of

Derry. We will not have Home Rule, because we believe it is a move fundamentally in a wrong direction, anti-Imperial, disintegrating; because it would involve military and strategical risk; and in Ireland would only exacerbate old historic sores. We reject the present Bill because it offers no chance of settlement; it will rid England of not a single Irish incubus; it is founded on distrust both of Ireland and England; it goes far enough to destroy the Union, but not far enough to give self-government a chance in Ireland. Were there no Ulster, we should still have to reject the Bill sans phrase. But obviously Ulster adds a new element to the situation; the case of the Ulster Unionists tightens up and sharpens the whole opposition to the Bill; for, while to English Unionists Home Rule is a matter of country and Empire—or even of political theory—to Irish Unionists it is a matter of home and their persons. No doubt country should come before self; but we may all be glad that we are not often put to the choice. It would be the worst hypocrisy for most of us to pretend that our feeling for our country will not be intensified when the national danger means direct personal danger to ourselves as well; and that is Ulster's case. Ulster Unionists are convinced that they will be oppressed in their religion and in their pockets under Home Rule. They claim the protection of England. This personal appeal even the apathetic voter of to-day can rise to; and has risen to. The Government know it, and are beset with misgivings and difficulties about Ulster. Overtures have been made to the Ulster leaders; many compromises suggested. Probably Ulster Unionists could get very good terms for themselves if they chose to bargain. But we are glad to say they will not. They will have no truck either with Mr. Redmond or with Mr. Asquith. They would probably be fools if they did. They might get great concessions, but they would soon find they had been done, and meantime they would have lost their claim on English Unionists. But, good policy or bad, they are not of the spirit to touch anything so unclean as compromise in a sacred cause.

The Government will get no consolation out of Sir Edward Carson's review of the Ulster forces; for that is what he is in Belfast for. He finds the organisation for opposition to Home Rule complete. The fighting line is ready; every man knows his place, officers and men alike. We are not gassing; we are speaking of what we know. This visit of Sir Edward Carson puts the finishing touch to the preparations. What will the Government do? Naturally they do not tell us. They do not know, for one thing; they would be fools to tell us if they did; and though this Cabinet contains a fool or two, it is not run by them. At the same time one must admit the Marconi inquiry has shown that the rogue element can also be amazingly foolish. The Government can of course use force, and would use it successfully. No armed opposition Ulster can put up could stand for a moment against trained troops. A small military force would reduce Ulster, if the matter came to war. Only Lord Haldane and Mr. Seely, who think a thin yellow line of Territorials could hold up a German army corps, could suppose that untrained courage and devotion could stand against trained soldiers. (Should the crisis arise, Mr. Seely, if he believes what he says, should send 100,000 men to Ulster; he would perhaps send 3000). No doubt many of the officers would resign, but many more would not. The professional soldier takes the professional view; not his to question why but to go and do what he is told. He is a soldier, not a politician. So far as force goes, the Government can crush Ulster. But can they face the moral effect? We do not suppose that the passive-resisting anti-militarist Nonconformist conscience would object in the least to their Nonconformist brethren being shot for not keeping in line with the Liberal party; but the general public would. No doubt some precisians would say, these men chose to disregard the law; if they have suffered the penalty, they have no ground of complaint—probably the same people who had denounced Mr. Balfour for

sending to prison Nationalist agitators who had broken the law by inciting mobs to every kind of foul outrage. But the common sense of the nation, we believe, would not stand it; and the Government know it. Hence the impasse. Troops will not be sent to coerce Ulster; and if they were, Ulster might be reduced, but the war would not end there. The Government have to find some other way out. Can they? The Home Rule Bill is not passed. Home Rule is still very far from an accomplished fact.

THE WAGE AND THE LAND.

THE farm worker's wage in many places in England is not enough—that seems to be the main thing which the Newmarket election has impressed on people generally. We read how Mr. Nicholls in speech after speech stated and restated this and little else—except of course that, when the Newmarket workers had elected him to the House of Commons, a change somehow or other would be made for the better. They called him one-speech Nicholls therefore, and, if the title had not been taken up a century ago by Hamilton, it might carry him down to fame.

It is curious how this discovery about the farm worker, the village hand, has suddenly been made—or at least suddenly grown to be a very important and pressing question in politics. Cynics will probably say that it is a discovery of the astute electioneers—that the vote's at the bottom of it. Possibly. But, whether or not, the truth is now really being brought home to the country, to the thinking part of the country—that the question of the land and the labour on the land is one of deepest importance to England and the Empire.

It is thought that Mr. Lloyd George's ravaging campaign against the landlords has been knocked on the head. Some papers profess to know that he has had a hard thrust down in the inner Cabinet. Another view is that rich Liberals and Radicals outside the Government and owning land have protested. Yet another view is the Marconi business, over which he has lost caste at the Exchequer—he himself probably complains that he has lost coin—has humbled and checked him in his career; that all the spirit, or all the Limehouse, has been taken out of him; and that shortly he will be removed by his admirers from the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer, and put into the office—glorious to relate!—of Mr. John Burns. We cannot tell what the Cabinet is going to make of Mr. Lloyd George; or what Mr. Lloyd George is going to make of the Cabinet—for there is that alternative. Nor do we profess to know, with the lobbyists, to what extent the land campaign is to be mitigated, nor for how long it is to be deferred.

Those things after all are on the knees of the demigogues.

But we can all know by the clear signs of the times, and by the exercise of our wits, that the question of the land in England to-day is grown once more to be of first importance; that, as things are at present, it is a constant menace and peril. To the best of our belief and experience the talk and writing of the sour and selfish Radical electioneers about "feudalism" and the tyranny of the landowners is pure rubbish.

There is no feudalism in England, unless a model village such as Edensor or as Chenies can be so described, or a small-holder settlement such as the Duke of Bedford has established near Woburn; in which case we submit you might style Messrs. Cadbury's arrangements at Bournville industrial feudalism or Messrs. Lever's at Sunlight.

The Tory landowner in country districts is no more a "tyrant" than the Radical—or the Tory—capitalist in a town. If he wishes his people or his workers to vote for his candidate and asks them to vote, so equally does the capitalist in the town either directly or through a third party or through his own example. Those things are known perfectly well to unblinded observers in the country who have travelled at all and thought and looked into things at all. Even Mr. Lloyd

George, a Radical politician out and out—though, at his best, above the sour and snarling vote-catcher's frame of mind—has his glimpses of light; otherwise why long ago did he use the word "noble" of some of the landowners? and why, only the other day, did he suggest a "national" treatment of the whole question?

The talk of feudalism and tyranny is common rant and cant. It has as much truth as the stories which the "Daily News" published about Sir John Ramsden's treatment of the people on his estate a short time back. How utterly false, how wickedly false, those stories were, all may know now. The "Daily News" had to withdraw and to apologise to Sir John Ramsden.

But if the last of the lies about the bullying by the country landowners of England were exploded, it would not less be true that the land and the people on the land to-day are a most grave and urgent problem for statesmen to solve. Nearly every other progressive country, old and new, big and small alike, has recognised the vital importance of having a strong and a stable peasantry and has taken some great step to secure it. France has done so, the United States, Canada, Denmark, Holland. Germany is perhaps the most striking case of all. By a bold master stroke, or series of strokes ending in the Credit Banks arrangement in 1850, the policy of Stein and Hardenburg, those great patriot statesmen, made Germany secure. Her land system is perhaps her greatest asset to-day, no matter what doubts are thrown on the efficiency of the farming. The small-holder in Germany, like the French small-holder, is devoted to his land. He spares no pains in tilling it. He, like the Frenchman, is ready to fight for it. Indeed the question of the soil is most intimately related to the question of national service, though this truth has been strangely overlooked in our own country. Let only the English villager feel that he is to have an interest in the land, as the German and the Frenchman have it, that he is to have in future the offer and the chance not only to till but to own portions of it, and there will be no more need to worry over Territorials and so forth. He will then feel that he has something worth holding, worth defending, as the French and German and the Swiss small-holder feels, and more than half the difficulty of the national defence problem will disappear.

There is a very large extent of land in England, an immense acreage, which could be well held and tilled by small-owners, only give them anything like the advantages they get in Germany, France and elsewhere. Much of this land may be described as in a state of flux, of disestablishment, to-day. New owners are constantly coming in and going out, so that there is no question of uprooting, or of driving out, old families by the change. There is enough land in England alone to establish from half a million to a million small-owners; and yet leave plenty of estates large and small, and by no means sweep away the excellent race of large tenant farmers who no doubt in certain conditions and places throughout the country are quite a success, especially for growing corn in large quantities and for more extensive sheep and cattle farming.

By such a wise reform we shall greatly reduce the cost of a large body of landless labourers having to exist too often on wretched wages. The best of the labourers by the change will themselves become small-owners, and the class beneath them will tend to take their places and so to earn a better wage. The dull dead level, too, of monotony—an ugly feature of land life in many parts of England—will be broken. The settlement of the land and the peasantry by some extraordinary freak of party fortune is left, it seems, entirely for the Unionists. The order has gone forth that the small-owner is to be crabbed except where he is content to hire the ground and hire it at an exorbitant rent. The set policy of the Board of Agriculture at present is dead against the small-owner; and the report of Mr. Runciman's Committee will probably be drawn up largely against him. It rests with the Unionist party to settle the land question. Lord Lansdowne and Mr.

Bonar Law believe in it: it would be a great step forward if Lord Curzon with his immense driving power and confidence were to throw himself into the task.

WINDING UP THE SKEIN.

JUST now the diplomatic situation is awkward. On paper it could plausibly be represented as critical. Has not every one of the Allies been compelled to swallow some of its pride, but do not there remain several difficult questions—questions too on which the Great Powers do not see eye to eye? None the less the general feeling is that the worst is over; and it is. The Allies have at last consented to deal with the Powers, whereas last October they ignored the Powers altogether. That consent means everything. Negotiations never break down when one of the parties is overwhelmingly stronger than the other and the Balkan States would be powerless against Europe even if their League were as strong as ever. But the League is breaking up, and the main reason for believing that everything will be settled is that every one of the Allies now wants to stand well with Europe. The backing of a Great Power or two would mean much when it came to the division of the spoil. That is the atmosphere, and the sensible commentator is at present more concerned with the atmosphere than with the facts. To begin with, we do not know what the facts are. A good many things have been said at the Foreign Office in the last few weeks which will never get into the papers. But they have got round to the clever men in South-Eastern Europe who made the war and will make the peace. Next, the facts are misleading. On paper the Allies are about to negotiate with Turkey except in regard to certain matters, Albania and the islands for example, which the Powers have definitely reserved for themselves. In reality the Allies will be negotiating with the Powers all the while. The distinction is important diplomatically, because in dealing with Turkey the Allies can formulate demands whereas in dealing with the Powers they can only submit points; but actually the diplomatists' task is not to do their best for defeated Turkey but to make the enlarged Balkan States fit in with the general European system. Lastly, the position is obscure. Things have changed and nobody is yet quite clear what the changes mean. Turkey has ceased to count, the Balkan States have fresh environments, and Austria, Italy, and Russia must make new Eastern policies. Everybody wants time to think things out, and that is why there will be peace.

But there is not peace yet. The preliminaries have not even been signed, and when they are signed they will only declare that Turkey is to lose most of her European territory. We knew that before, and the signature of the preliminary treaty will be important only for what it implies. We may fairly infer that the Powers would not be busy with preliminaries, especially after all this talk, if they were not pretty clear about the lines of the final arrangement. It would be idle to guess what they have determined. We shall learn that in good time. The interest of the present situation lies in the diplomacy of the Allies. Will they stand together? On this point their attitude on the islands question will be decisive. There is no doubt that the islands ought to go to Greece. The Greeks will hardly govern them better, if they do not govern them worse, than the Turks have done, nor so well as the Italians are now governing some of them. But when once the islands are Greek the islands question will cease to exist. The islanders are practically all Greeks, and the one political idea they have got is to become part of the Greek kingdom. Britain accepted the situation when she gave up the Ionian Islands fifty years ago. It is for the Powers, and especially for Italy, to accept the same situation now; and it will be hard for them not to accept it if the Allies put their case well. For here facts are emphatic in their favour. No one can say that the Macedonian question will be settled by the disappearance of the Turk. Just at present, indeed, it

looks as though the old tale of murder would begin again. But it is quite certain that the *Ægean* question will be settled if the islands go to Greece. Here the Allies are on good ground. A firm claim would win back some of the European respect which they have lost by the tricks and squabbles of the last six months.

The islands question comes first because its discussion will settle whether Europe has to deal with a new Great Power in the making or only with four cantankerous small States. From the standpoint of individual claims Bulgaria matters most. Serbia and Montenegro have seen reason, Greece at worst could only be venomous, but a Bulgaria with a grievance could do mischief. Even when she was only Eastern and Western Rumelia she nearly set Austria and Russia by the ears. Her present handling of her frontier claim may conceivably settle the prospects of European peace. The issue itself is small enough, a few miles of territory of little military importance. But diplomatically big things are at stake. Wherever the frontier line may finally be fixed, Bulgaria will be in a position to put in a claim for the biggest prize in Europe—Constantinople itself. With Adrianople as her base and with coast-lines on the Black Sea and the *Ægean* enabling her to threaten Chatalja on either flank, Bulgaria can hope to be in Constantinople before any other Power realises that she means business; and once there who will be allowed to turn her out? King Ferdinand is a far-sighted man and has this possibility before him. It creates a pretty diplomatic puzzle. On the one hand, a Bulgarian Constantinople is only possible if Austrian support be secured against Russia. On the other hand, Bulgaria and Austria are the diplomatic foes of the moment. Bulgaria made the League that has destroyed Austrian ambitions. Bulgaria now dwarfs Austria's protégé Roumania. Moreover, Bulgaria would not be an easy State for Austria to fight. It will probably pay Austria to back Serbia in her claims on Macedonian territory, for Serbia can always be coerced. It is this Austro-Bulgarian antipathy of the moment, combined with the desirability of Austro-Bulgarian co-operation in the future, which makes the question of the new Thracian frontier line interesting. The other special points need not be worked out. Serbia's claim for a window in the Adriatic has been settled in principle and is now simply an incident in the constitution of the new Albania. Montenegro's claim for compensation may get more sympathy than it deserves. Europe really owes nothing to the troublesome little State. But the fall of the Montenegrin dynasty would mean a movement for union with Serbia, and to avoid that complication it may be worth while making King Nicholas' position as easy as may be.

No doubt some very complex financial questions will come up for settlement in Paris, and the Allies will ask for more than they are likely to get. But in this matter they will not venture to estrange any one of the Great Powers. Once the war is over, there will be a Balkan loan or a series of Balkan loans. Annoy Austria and there will be no money to be got from Berlin. Annoy Russia and the Paris market will be closed. As for Britain, she has managed to associate herself with both European groups, so that a false step either way would impede the flotation of a loan in London. As the loan is indispensable and as a bankrupt Turkey would ruin its chances the Allies are not likely to show themselves unreasonable in the Paris discussions.

LORD MILNER'S VIEWS.

WHEREVER high, indeed the highest, public service is prized, and lucidity of mind and largeness of temper count for anything, men will like to be reminded of the official record and public utterance of him whom Dean Church long ago pronounced to stand, in his generation, for the finest flower of Oxford culture. So much was assured before "The Nation and the Empire"* went to press. Now that

they can handle and savour its contents at will many an educated, hitherto well-nigh despairing, mind will hail these speeches as a shipwrecked mariner might a passing sail. They treat of many topics—of South Africa, of Tariff Reform, of national service, of social service, but all as parts of the same conception. This effect is organic, as the objective they seek is the organic union of an Empire which somehow has come about, and which "unless the future", as Lord Milner himself remarks, "shows a more perfect organisation than the past, it may be will tumble down".

The great obstacle to Imperial unity, under our present system or want of system, Lord Milner finds in the entanglement of the Empire in party politics. On great questions of Imperial issue he sees little real difference of sentiment or policy. But these questions have to be handled by statesmen identified and concerned, first of all, with minor party interests. Let them take what course they will, their actions are examined by their opponents in the interest of party, and with a single view to making party capital. Take the great questions of inter-Imperial trade in this country, and of naval defence in Canada. Both were problems of the first magnitude; neither, strictly speaking, was more akin to party politics than any question of foreign policy, ruled for the moment outside the party area. Yet each was sacrificed to the party game, and are illustrations of principles "distorted and submerged in a whirlpool of ulterior motives and irrelevant prejudices". "Kind and natural" in Shakespeare's phrase are the children of England at the heart. As their case stands now, "Laocoön wrestling with the serpents" is Lord Milner's image of their loyalty and devotion in the grip of the party spirit. Imperial policy is in the hands of men elected for local ends or because of local differences. But "Imperial and local affairs are different in character, and the same men are not generally, or often, equally well qualified, by inclination and experience, to deal with both. . . . We require an Imperial Constitution, providing for the separation of those branches of public business which, like foreign affairs, defence, and ocean communications, are essentially Imperial, from those which are mainly or wholly local, and for the management of the former by a new authority, representative of all parts of the Empire, but undistracted by the work and the controversies which are peculiar to any single part". Not that these have not their due place. Be devoted, says Lord Milner in effect, to the Empire; but be loyal each of you to that component part which is your own. So it is that the true Imperialism goes hand in hand with nationalism.

It goes hand in hand with other things. A convinced Tariff Reformer, Lord Milner devotes many pages to Imperial Preference as a means of consolidating the Empire. But it is of the essence of his doctrine that it is the principle of Preference rather than any particular application of it on which great stress is laid, and that in Lord Milner's mind that principle is of far greater importance than any particular Customs duty, and not confined to Customs duties at all. "I have never advocated Tariff Reform", he says, "as a nostrum or a panacea." It is immensely important for him, but only as part of a policy. In precisely the same spirit, and as part of the same policy, he seeks to redress the balance between town and country; he advocates national service, denounces "the vast output of half-trained young people with no definite skill, in anything . . . as a huge social and economic blunder", and finally, linking always in his mind social service and Imperialism, declares that the consistent Imperialist must be a zealot for social improvement. "Poverty, degradation, physical degeneracy", he says, "these things must always be. But can any patriot, above all any Imperialist, rest content with our present record in these respects? If he cares for the Empire he must care that the heart of the Empire should beat with a sounder and less feverish pulse." That is the note of the doctrine of Imperialism according to Alfred Milner. So he teaches his countrymen to "think imperially". Who can doubt that this

* "The Nation and the Empire." By Viscount Milner. London: Constable. 1913. 10s. 6d. net.

influence gains steadily among them, and not be thankful for it?

The South African speeches are reprinted from 1897, and are a fine vindication of Lord Milner's consistent faith and courage. He is branded of course by certain party papers as a prophet of evil happily falsified in the event because of his grave and most well-grounded warnings when premature self-government was given to our late enemies in the war. Do these detractors forget, or are they so ignorant as to be unaware to whom such superficial calm as exists in South Africa at present is due? It is due first to the excellence of the work of reconstruction in the new Colonies, which was purely and simply Lord Milner's doing, and which, as a noted Boer leader remarked, was "too fine to push down". It is due secondly to the goodwill and patriotism of the South African Opposition which, keeping General Botha in office, has, so far, kept Hertzogism at bay. It is due most of all to the Act of Union which neutralised the madness of giving the Transvaal and the Orange Free State responsible government, and that was wholly and solely the work of a brilliant group of young Oxford men on Lord Milner's staff and of Lord Milner's training who reflect his brilliancy and embody his principles.

THE CITY.

ANOTHER disappointing week has been experienced on the Stock Exchange. The tone of the markets is fairly good, but there is still a conspicuous absence of public demand. The hopes that the new account would start off well were entirely unfulfilled. Prices were marked up at first in anticipation of a mild revival of activity, and were lowered again when it failed to materialise. It has to be acknowledged that several important market factors are against a general upward movement. Although the Balkan situation no longer holds hidden terrors for the investor, conditions will not be regarded as normal until the forces on the Austro-Hungarian frontiers have been demobilised. The monetary position has not made any notable improvement in the last week, and with new issues pouring out as fast as the underwriting arrangements can be made, it cannot be expected that money rates will become rapidly easier.

With the failure of the Brazilian loan still a fruitful topic of discussion, next week will see the issue of the £25,000,000 Chinese loan if no eleventh-hour difficulty arises. About £7,500,000 will be allotted to London, a similar amount to Paris, £6,000,000 to Berlin, and the balance to St. Petersburg and Brussels. In London, the issue of the 5 per cent. bonds will be made at 90, and it is understood that there will be no underwriting, which means that the big financial institutions which usually participate in underwriting of large loans will be expected to make firm applications for stock. It is believed that many investors have been holding funds liquid for the purpose of subscribing for the Chinese loan, which has the attraction of yielding about 5½ per cent., and there is a fair chance that the issue will be a success. If it is, it may give a fillip to the investment markets; if not, the present dulness will be accentuated.

It is to be hoped that greater efforts will be made to ensure success than were employed in regard to the Brazilian loan and that an attempt will be made to reach the small investor. Undoubtedly the gratuitous discussion in the newspapers of the merits of the new Brazilian bonds has done more to encourage small investment demand than did the perfunctory advertisement of the prospectus. In the past week a steady flow of small orders has been met. Several other new issues of a less attractive type are now being arranged, some of which are foredoomed to failure unless there is a marked improvement in financial conditions.

In the Home Railway market the contemplation of

excellent dividend prospects has been disturbed by a report that the Great Northern Railway will shortly issue £750,000 of preferred and £500,000 of deferred stock, with probably about £400,000 of debentures. This came as a reminder that some other companies have overdrawn their capital accounts considerably, and the possibility that the railways will join the army of State, municipal, and industrial borrowers, coupled with fears of a labour crisis in the northern shipyards, has hampered business in Home Railway securities.

The unexpected announcement that the Canadian Pacific Railway Company desires to anticipate the redemption of £7,000,000 of 5 per cent. first mortgage bonds, which are not due until July 1915, may be taken as a healthy indication of the company's financial position. The rather heavy selling of the common stock recently in progress is attributed to the somewhat stringent monetary conditions in Berlin, and the German preparations for the Chinese loan may have had something to do with it.

In Wall Street depressing conditions still prevail, and several standard stocks are at a very low level. The muddle that has arisen out of the Union and Southern Pacific "divorce" scheme shows how the guiding hand of Mr. Harriman is missed, and it seems that the passing of Mr. Morgan has undermined confidence in regard to affairs in which he was the presiding genius. There are signs that big interests are realising their investments in stocks, and an excellent Government crop report has had no influence, while trade conditions are reflected in the reduced tonnage of orders in hand of the United States Steel Corporation.

Mexican Railway securities have been adversely affected by rumours of further fighting, and the report that a £4,000,000 loan for Mexico is being arranged has had no influence, although, if it be true, it is a satisfactory indication of banking opinion as to the political outlook.

The threat of a visit from a British gunboat seems to have brought Guatemala to a sense of its financial obligations. The bonds have risen sharply on the news of the Government's accession to British claims; but the sympathetic advance in Honduras bonds has unfortunately no practical foundation.

Among Mining shares Kaffirs have been in some request after a shake-out caused by exaggerated views of the effect of the prohibition of tropical labour. Diamonds have been bought; a larger business has been done in Nigerian tins, and Copper shares have maintained a firm tone. The Rubber market has a better appearance and Oil shares with good dividend prospects have received favourable attention.

There is plenty of cash ready for investment and speculation if the public could be convinced that it would get a fair run for its money, and the future course of the markets depends upon the inclination and ability of the issuing houses and other financial powers in Lombard Street and Capel Court to cater for the requirements of the public who have been too often disappointed of late.

INSURANCE.

SOME RECENT REPORTS.

COMPOSITE offices of the proprietary order seldom make very notable progress in connexion with their life assurance business, attention being mainly paid to the development of those departments which contribute most abundantly to the shareholders' funds. The Northern Assurance Company affords an instance in point. Both fire and life insurances were undertaken in 1836, when the company was incorporated, but the net premium income of the fire department already approximates to one million and a quarter pounds, whereas the life premiums produce considerably less than one-fourth of that sum. In this particular case the difference in the amount raised cannot be due, even

in part, to the knowledge that proprietors share in the profits of the life business. In the participation branch all profits belong to the policyholders, who have the further advantage of perceiving that the total cost of management does not exceed one-tenth of the premiums they pay. Nor can it have originated from a poor bonus record at any period. The Northern's bonuses have always been most satisfactory. For several consecutive quinquenniums the distribution to participating policyholders was at the high rate of 30s. per cent. per annum, and on the five most recent occasions they received 1s. per cent. per annum more. Comparatively few life offices, as a matter of fact, have made a more consistent return to their patrons, and the general belief is that the life connexions could be usefully extended were more energy to be shown.

It is doubtless difficult to transact new business on an important scale when expenses of management, commission included, are limited to 10 per cent. of the premiums received, but the "Northern" might possibly be more in evidence than it is at present. In view of the prominence of the company, and the absolute security afforded policyholders, the life premium income is certainly not large. Last year rather less than £260,000 was raised from participating premiums and less than £31,000 from non-participating premiums, while the new business was represented by 1166 policies for £476,160. These totals are fairly substantial, but they do not reflect the merits of the office, which would be more truthfully depicted by a million pounds in new sums assured. When policies for £1000 increase to £1078 at the end of five years, to £1155 at the end of ten years, to £1385 at the end of twenty-five years, and to £1729 at the end of fifty years, and the prospects for increased bonuses are, to say the least, favourable—well, liberal support ought to be forthcoming.

When an office like the Northern has to be content with less than half a million pounds in the way of new assurances the natural inference is that many persons have failed to appreciate the stability of the life department or the chances ahead. At the moment the company is weaker than it need be in one respect. Although nearly £4,000,000 had been accumulated for the protection of the participating policyholders, an amount of only £141,579 was earned as interest last year after income tax had been deducted. A rather low average rate of interest is here revealed, and the balance sheet shows that the management is still ultra-conservative in the matter of investments. A somewhat higher rate could certainly be earned were a portion of the capital to be reinvested in more remunerative securities. At present, for instance, the substantial sum of £163,791 is held in the form of British Government securities, and there are other extra-choice investments. In this direction the Northern possesses possibilities which cannot be ignored when the question of future bonuses is considered. An additional one-quarter per cent. earned—not an unreasonable anticipation in view of the high immediate yield of most securities—would mean a large expansion of the divisible surplus, something like £50,000 in the course of a quinquennium. What is tantamount to a latent reserve of considerable value therefore exists, and when advantage is taken of the position increased bonuses will probably be declared.

In the case of the London and Lancashire Life and General Assurance Association, Limited, which has just completed the first fifty years of its history, altogether different conditions are found to exist, but the tenth quinquennial valuation shows that good progress was made during the last five years. At the end of 1907 the life insurance fund stood at £2,263,804, and it has since increased to £2,788,712, or to £3,669,525, when the funds of the Scottish Metropolitan Assurance Company, Limited, are included. Of the last amount £198,078 was reported as surplus, but £57,992 was used in placing the post-1907 with-profit contracts on a 3 per cent. O^x basis, leaving £140,086 available for distribution and other purposes. As £5000 was added to the investment reserve fund and

£4212 was carried forward, a net balance of £130,874 was left over for division among the policyholders and shareholders, the share of the former being £102,757, inclusive of the £11,221 paid them as interim bonuses. On this occasion, therefore, the with-profit policyholders will receive reversionary bonuses at the rate of 10s. per cent. per annum in the case of policies taken out since 1907, and at the rate of 11s. 3d. per cent. in the case of policies effected during the preceding ten years. Obviously these bonuses are not very substantial, but they compare with zero in 1908, and they would have been much better had not the necessity arisen to strengthen the reserves at a time when provision had also to be made for Stock Exchange depreciation.

It is probable, indeed, that the London and Lancashire will largely increase its distribution when the year 1918 is reached. The cost of conducting the life business is gradually being reduced, and the rate of interest earned has risen appreciably, £4 4s. 2d. per cent. having been realised in 1912 after deducting income tax. In this connexion it is worth while pointing out that the margin of unvalued interest has been greatly widened, being now equal to nearly $\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. on old business and to nearly $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. in the case of policies effected since 1907. A lower expense ratio would, of course, be desirable, but this office, it must be remembered, transacts a large new business, is being rapidly developed, and raises about two-fifths of its premium income abroad. A normal ratio is therefore impossible at present, but gradual improvement may be expected, and the prospects should steadily brighten.

"THE TAMING OF THE SHREW."

By JOHN PALMER.

DO I suffer from some strange affliction, or is the theatre really becoming a happy place? During the last few weeks I have enjoyed myself everywhere—at Drury Lane, at the New Royalty, at the Haymarket, at the Prince of Wales. A word of self-congratulation is due, of course, to a circumspective selection of plays. Knowing it is a critic's duty, not, as some would have it, to be merry and bitter at the expense of conscionable wretches who do their best, but to seek out and hold fast that which is admirable and praiseworthy, I consistently avoid places that incite in me feelings of anger, tedium, spitefulness, or an urgent necessity to unpack the heart in words. I choose the theatres of my visitation with well-weighed scruples of the ceaseless eremite. Nevertheless, as my readers are well aware, plays and players have not invariably, till now, found in my eyes perpetual favour. What, then, can be happening? Is it the theatre which changes, or is it I? Am I at this moment—soul-curdling reflexion—prematurely at the threshold of that comfortable middle-age of the critic when all seems precisely as it should be in the best fed of possible worlds? Or is the English theatre surpassing itself in a succession of good deeds that beggar the catalogue? When Donna Anna arrived in Hell she told Don Juan that she could not possibly be there because she felt no pain; whereat Don Juan assured her she was undoubtedly in Hell; that, since she felt no pain, there could possibly be no mistake that Hell was her just and natural environment; and that in heaven she would be like an English audience at a classical concert. Your devil is at home in Hell, and thinks he is in heaven. I think I am in heaven at Drury Lane, at the New Royalty, at the Haymarket, at the Prince of Wales. Where am I in sober and absolute fact?

At the Prince of Wales Theatre, watching Petruchio's taming of Katherina in the equally appreciative company of Christopher Sly, I was beyond doubt in heaven, so far as my impressions are to be trusted. Not only was this entertainment delightful in itself, but it suggested conclusions to gladden the heart of all who are interested in the restoration, after nearly three hundred years, of Shakespeare to the English stage. Playgoers are coming to realise that Mr. Poel's judicious restora-

tion of the conventions of Shakespeare's theatre, so far as they can be fitted into our modern houses, is not mere Elizabethan antiquarianism, or a craze for novelty. How this restoration is a necessary prelude to a re-establishment of Shakespeare as a dramatic poet I have too often urged to risk a further repetition. The heartening thing about this production of Mr. Martin Harvey at the Prince of Wales is its demonstration that the English public is at last awake. Mr. William Poel begins at last to be a public man—now that he has retired. His methods are accepted without exclamation. Mr. Martin Harvey presents "The Taming of the Shrew" with Shakespearean incursions into the auditorium; with curtains, screens, and the minimum of baggage; with a clear recognition that Shakespeare's drama was poetical-rhetorical. Playgoers frankly enjoy themselves; and the critical small dogs wag their tails where twelve months ago they yelped at Mr. Barker's company for exceeding the speed-limit. Ça ira. It only remains now for Sir Herbert Tree to refuse any longer to handicap himself and his players in a desperate attempt to be Shakespearean in conditions as far as possible removed from those with which Shakespeare was familiar. Then we shall be entirely happy; and begin to suspect that Shakespeare for the study was, after all, nothing but the despairing cry of a generation that had never really known Shakespeare for the theatre.

I am not sure that this revival of "The Taming of the Shrew" is not, all round, the most authentic piece of Shakespeare yet offered in the West of London. The decoration and the costumes are, for their business, better than those of the Savoy revivals. The end of Shakespearean decoration of the scene or of the player is that it should be inconspicuous; that it should not interfere, or in any way compete, with the text. The only reason for dressing Shakespeare's people at all is that costume, in a Shakespearean play, would be more conspicuous by its absence than the most flamboyant theatrical haberdasher could make it by its presence. The decoration of Mr. Harvey's "The Taming of the Shrew" is ideal. It neither offends by an overwhelming insistence that it is original and beautiful; nor comes short of filling the eye. It asks for no independent recognition. It does not posture as a competitive fine-art.

"Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not expressed in fancy"

seems to be the idea of Mr. Poel and Mr. George Kruger and Mr. Dodson; and a better one were very hard to find. As to the scenes, no better backgrounds for this merry-conceited history are readily imaginable—I, at any rate, am unable to imagine them—than those against which Mr. Harvey and his men are thrown into such bold relief at the Prince of Wales. The decorations as a whole asserted, so far as they transgressed decorum in asserting anything, that the play and the players were the thing. This is the summit of good stagecraft where Shakespeare is concerned.

The play, certainly, we had as never before this side of the seventeenth century—Shakespeare's own play delivered with the rushing impetuosity and vigour that he asked, and undoubtedly got, of Burbage and his men. How utterly in the robustious momentum of its delivery did we lose all the small misgivings of these flaccid times as to Petruchio's gentility! Does one rebuke the whirlwind that it knocks off one's hat, and does not stay to apologise? Mr. Martin Harvey got right into the heart of his admirable enterprise. His conduct was a perpetual invitation to Katherina that she should with him enjoy the excellent jest of matrimony; and, when she at last was persuaded to see the immense fun of being married to Petruchio, we realised she would not for the world have missed it. Miss N. de Silva was especially admirable at the turning-point. This Petruchio was a good fellow. Happily he was married to a good fellow, able to appreciate the humour of his wooing.

Mr. Martin Harvey's players all had spirit for the occasion; but Mr. Charles Glenney's Christopher Sly had more. Much of the success of Mr. Martin Harvey's

revival was due to this presence of Christopher Sly. The true Shakespearean grin,

"Broad as ten thousand beeves at pasture,"

was incarnate in Mr. Glenney's extraordinary realisation of Christopher. Mr. Glenney must actually be seen to be believed. I despair of conveying to anyone who has not seen him the vivid sense he gave of all in Shakespeare's comedy (intruding into moods the most fantastic and enskyed) that smells of fresh earth, that shows the meanest of men as the dear fools of God, and cleans as with a rushing wind Nature's necessary and sufficient evil of the day. There are things in Shakespeare's "The Taming of the Shrew" that can only be enjoyed through the eyes of such as Mr. Glenney's Christopher. He is our interpreter; he sets the pace of our merriment. Simple and dirty fellow, he is the measure of our capacity to inherit the really good things of the earth.

LES CHEFS D'ORCHESTRE.

By H. COLLINSON OWEN.

"TOUS les soirs orchestre" is the proud announcement that hangs in the window of the modest little café. There every evening, promptly at seven, the chef d'orchestre at the piano nods to his two violins, and, they having importantly tuned up, follow him dashing through the mazes of the latest waltz. And "Tous les soirs orchestre" might be hung out as a sign in the sky over all Paris, for throughout the city, from Montparnasse to Montmartre and from the Place de la Bastille to the Opera, in a thousand cafés and restaurants, the chefs d'orchestre are gathering their forces round them. The tables on the terraces of the cafés are filling up with people, and Paris is living that swift hour of animation before it settles down to the solemn act of dinner. The evening papers have been read over the apéritif, the merits and demerits of the members of the very latest Cabinet have been discussed. Inside the cafés, as the hour of dinner draws near, there is a universal twanging of strings, a general scraping and squeaking of bows, a wholesale banging of preliminary chords on the pianos. All is ready. The army of chefs d'orchestre nods, and with the hors d'œuvre Paris bursts violently into music.

There is infinite variety in the musicians, as there is in their playing. There are orchestras that are gorgeous in red jackets, and orchestras that are sadly shabby; famous chefs d'orchestre who command magnificent salaries and have startling love affairs, and others whose linen is frayed and spotted, and who are merely humble fathers of families. There are orchestras that deafen and exasperate and cause indigestion, and some that glide so sweetly and insidiously into the conversation of the dinner-tables that only when the music stops does one become conscious of it. There are Germans with stiff, upstanding hair, who play conscientiously and seldom smile. There are fierce Hungarians, always in red jackets and fierce moustaches, and born to romance. There are silky Italians, combed and curled, dark Spaniards, and even Frenchmen. There are orchestras that hold severely aloof from the audience, and others (those of the night haunts) where the musicians watch the roysterer with a hungry eye; where, in defiance of the law, they bring round a plate so that he may slide a franc under the napkin that covers it, and who then desire him to name his favourite "morceau", so that they may play it with a great show of importance and many smiles, and flatter him or intimidate him into bestowing larger sums on them. Let the visitor but say weakly, or impatiently, or carelessly that he likes "La Petite Tonkinoise", and he will be fortunate if he does not pay ten francs for the privilege of hearing it. If he has no choice in music then will the scarlet-coated emissary make matters easy for him. If he seems English, then "Rule Britannia" or "God Save

the King". If American, then the "Washington Post" or "le ragtime". There are patriotic Americans who, under such gentle persuasion, have given large sums to the band.

In the big cafés of the Latin Quarter, in the Rue Royale, along the whole length of the Grands Boulevards, and at a score of other quarters where diners congregate, the chefs d'orchestre are at their busiest. Music floats out through a thousand doorways, and on the footpaths crowds gather to listen to the concert. Dinner is coming to an end, the waiters are now bringing liqueurs and cigars, but the musicians play on. When the diners have departed for the theatre they are still playing, and the "sortie" after the theatres finds them there, tirelessly following the chef d'orchestre. The crisp chatter of supper arrives, and the musicians are indefatigably sawing the air. The supper parties depart, amid a shrill whistling for cabs, and still the musicians have several items on their programme. The boulevards grow deserted, and few people are left sipping at the tables. With a final burst of energy the musicians play their last morceau. The piano is shut with a bang, the violins put into their cases, the music gathered up, and the orchestra troops out on to the quiet streets, and so home to bed.

They live in a world by themselves, the musicians. In the cafés their little group of chairs surrounding the piano may jostle with those of the clients who are drinking coffee and playing dominos, but the musicians are far away. Rarely do they seem to recognise a friend in the café, unless it is that the roving eye of the handsome first violin rests intelligently for an instant on some fair visitor. No. 21 "Valse Exotique" is played, and in the interval between that and the next morceau the musicians talk languidly amongst themselves, or sit with boredom brooding on their faces. But there is one chef d'orchestre, at the busy and popular Café du Monde, who is different. His hair is amazingly fierce and stiff. When playing he looks straight ahead, seeing nothing, a wooden image. His long fingers pound the piano with a curious staccato movement, unflinching through the long hours of the night. He suggests an automaton into which one must put pennies to obtain noise—and his orchestra is indeed the noisiest in Paris. But once the morceau is finished he is a man transformed. Swiftly he wheels round on his stool and engages the first violin in a violent conversation. For years he has thus, in the intervals of music, been discussing something with the first violin. Their debates are of a fierce, passionate kind, but what is the subject of them no one knows. It may be politics, it may be Socialism, it may be love, but it certainly is not music. The fierce pointed moustache of the chef d'orchestre leaps up and down as he talks, imperilling his vision, and the first violin plays but second fiddle in the conversation. There are sometimes indications, indeed, that he is bored with it all, but the chef d'orchestre is implacable. There is no escape. For five minutes he talks, vehemently, tremendously, as a man with a flaming message which he must deliver instantly. Then he wheels round on his stool. The fire and volubility are gone. He assumes his mask of stolidity again, and, with eyes fixed straight ahead, pounds out relentlessly No. 22, "Quand l'Amour Meurt".

Or there is the chef d'orchestre who leads a double life; playing in a quiet, decorous café of the old-fashioned kind in the evening, and leading riotous tsiganes in a Montmartre haunt from midnight until six o'clock in the morning; shouting "Funiculi funicular!" with the best of them, urging on the Spanish dancers to wilder efforts, keeping gaiety alive at all costs until the golden sunlight floods the Place Pigalle outside. It is whispered that he is part proprietor of the night café, and thus there is method in his madness. In the quiet café down below he is decorum itself; his morceaux are carefully chosen to suit the atmosphere. Up on the hill his music is again chosen to suit the atmosphere, and in his red jacket his staid admirers would not know him. But there

is little likelihood of their ever visiting this resort of foreigners, where the adventurer of South America rubs shoulders with the guileless English tourist.

And most interesting of all orchestras is the one at the Café of Hungary, owned by the jovial Herr Fritz. The chef d'orchestre here is a rotund Teuton, and his musicians are all from the Fatherland. A merry company they are, who play whistling and chorus songs, and their jollity reaches its height at Christmas time. Then is the band reinforced by a big drum—"la grosse caisse"—with cymbals, and a muscular young waiter is pressed into service to bang the drum and crash the cymbals. The coming of "la grosse caisse" is hailed with delight, and for nights the café is packed and the customers overflow on to the footpath. The boom of the "grosse caisse" and the clash of the cymbals fill the café, but the customers cannot have enough of it. At first the drum is only used occasionally, in music that is more or less suited to its ample collaboration, but the crowd at the tables ends by clamouring for its introduction into every morceau. "La grosse caisse, la grosse caisse!" they cry, and at a sign from the smiling Herr Fritz the muscular young waiter who is serving bock tucks his apron round him, and with a grin seizes the drumstick. He begins moderately, with an eye on the chef d'orchestre. But the clamour goes up "La grosse caisse, more of the grosse caisse!" and the waiter, entering into the spirit of the thing, bangs and clashes to such effect that the sound of the piano and the violins and the piccolos is heard no more, and the musicians appear to be sawing madly on dumb instruments. There are moments of respite, but the audience will not suffer them for long. The muscular young waiter has his strong arms stripped to the elbows, and yet at last falters. Refreshment is pressed upon him. He drinks, but is visibly tiring. The smile has faded from his face. He now looks at the shouting audience with the air of one who regards his tormentors, and still they clamour for the drum. Midnight comes and he is still pounding and clashing, his face pale and haggard. And only when at last the audience, tired of its own shouting and singing, gradually files out, leaving the tables and chairs deserted, may he drop the drumstick from his limp hand, leaving the "grosse caisse" quivering, but mercifully dumb.

MAINLY MR. PERCY GRAINGER.

By JOHN F. RUNCIMAN.

BETWEEN Easter and Whitsun several new works were produced on which I might have commented at length but for the more urgent claims of opera; and, after all, every new composition that comes to light shows this mainly, that English music is an impasse. Opera is the one open road to the new and the good; and though writing on the subject has so far resulted in exactly nothing it is only by writing and keeping the subject constantly in my readers' minds that there seems the faintest hope that something may at length be done by a courageous somebody. During the last few days I have received a number of letters encouraging me to "go on", which is very kind on the writers' part. Amongst them are two from very well known composers. The first says "I, too, amongst the few others, have an opera awaiting a hearing, finished a year ago. . . . On account of its nationality I despair of its future, being possessed of neither the means nor influence to secure its presentation. . . . I trust you may accept my admiration for your strength of purpose". This is highly flattering, but sounding the clarion note of despair does not help much. The second writer is more vigorous, though not more sanguine. "It is a hopeless country—as I ought to know, for after twelve years' pushing and struggling my concerts 'pay worse than ever'. . . . After all, our own conductors and festival committees teach our people to ignore us, and what have you to say after this! . . . I hope you'll go on prodding." Well, I mean

to go on prodding, but not so continuously as to make raving homicidal maniacs of the readers of this Review. To-day I content myself with advising multi-millionaires and others it may concern that we are still without an opera, that we shall get no further with our music until we have an opera, and that the man who establishes one will win an honourable name for himself. It is a sad and curious truth that rich men will spend huge sums of money on the empty distinction of being the owner of a Derby winner or the fastest sailing yacht, but the moment one mentions opera they begin to talk about their heavy expenses, bad trade, poor crops, and the rest of it, and glad though they would be to do the thing, in the circumstances etc. Lord Howard de Walden does not, so far as I know, own racers, either four-footed or with keels. He is, on the other hand, interested in opera. What is he thinking about? Does he mean to let someone else seize the chance he might now take very easily?

Amongst our composers possessed by varying ambitions there is only one who appears not to feel the need of opera. Holbrooke needs it and Jervis-Read; I am convinced that Granville Bantock and Balfour Gardiner would find in opera a fresh inspiration; without it Marshall-Hall and Delius will go no further. Percy Grainger stands alone. I doubt whether he would trouble to write an opera even if he knew it would be played the day after he had finished the score. More, I doubt whether he could write one. He has discovered a line of his own, a line that does not lead very far or to very high things, not a poor thing by any means, and certainly his own (to use the familiar misquotation). He is the one cheerful, sunny composer living. Not for him to sing the woes and sorrows of humanity; he is a stranger to the deepest and highest human feelings; not in a bar he has written can one find the note either of grief or of rapture. The two pieces of his which seem most characteristic are the "Mock Morris" and the "Walking Tune." He played a few weeks back at his recital in the Æolian Hall. Mr. Grainger went for a long walk in the Highlands of Scotland, and to beguile the time and keep himself going he invented a "walking tune", humming it as he went. It is a brisk, merry tune, speaking the contented mind and an adequate digestion; and he wrought it up into the piece which he had to play twice at his recital. It can scarcely be called brilliant; it is not pictorial music; but it is infectiously gay and full of go. One feels that the composer is quite untouched by the unfathomable mystery of things, by the grandeur of mountain and lonely moor, by the struggles of poor humanity on the winding upward path. His very naïveté gives a freshness to his strains; they are full of health, the health of a bright and energetic nature. The "Mock Morris", which is often given nowadays, is a rather more complex thing of the same order, marked by the same qualities. The meaning of the title is beyond me, and there may be an allusion I do not understand; but the main point is the bubbling vigour and piquancy of the thing. Mr. Grainger's nomenclature is indeed always a bit of a puzzle. I don't know why he should not employ the ordinary names given to the instruments he writes for as well as to the forms in which he writes; why "four-some", "six-some", "wind-pipe", and so on should be used to designate familiar things. It has been a fad with many composers, even the very greatest, to call an old thing by a new name and think they achieved something very splendid. Beethoven must needs discard the term pianoforte sonata in favour of Hammerclavier sonata; he also, to an extent, and Schumann and Wagner to a much greater extent, used German terms—or rather, descriptions—to indicate tempi and nuances of expression; Mendelssohn—with, it is true, his eye on the main chance—called his piano studies and simple pieces Songs without Words. What does it matter whether a great work of art is a Hammerclavier sonata or a pianoforte sonata? Why put aside the old universal terms for the sake of writing the same

thing in German? Is the music altered by calling a piano piece a Song without Words instead of, say, a study? It is all mere addle-pated nonsense. Mr. Grainger has gone much further: he wants to take out deeds poll for many of the most respectable and esteemed members of the orchestral tribe. However, it does not matter very much: the music is excellent in its way. I cannot see how Mr. Grainger can go very far or in fact do more than repeat himself with variations; but he has at any rate given us something new and refreshing.

In his piano playing one feels the same perpetual cheerfulness. Great playing it is not—it is playing which sounds best when Mr. Grainger gives us his own compositions. Technically he is more than competent; his tone is singularly beautiful; but he is not serious enough to interpret serious music. A Brahms piano sonata is the last thing he should venture on. Without a rival in his own line, immediately he challenges comparison with such musicians as Busoni, Lamond, and Bauer one feels his intellectual and emotional shortcomings. Brahms in his F minor sonata aimed at grandeur and the expression of profound feeling: Grainger gave us neither the feeling nor the grandeur, and a very poor work was left. He was far more satisfactory in two "poems" by Cyril Scott. These are graceful; not penetrated by any intense emotion, they are pleasing and interpret the words which are supposed to have inspired them. Mr. Scott, though he has adopted the "poem" form, the most dangerous of all forms, has at any rate avoided the common poetaster's mistake of trusting to the poetic idea carrying off insignificant music. Beethoven, and Haydn, we know, worked to a story; but they kept the story to themselves and trusted to the music making its effect. The danger comes in when the composer seems too anxious to persuade us of the profundity of his ideas, and either adds cryptic inscriptions to his themes or asks us to listen to his music in the light, so to speak, of a poem or story. Mr. Scott prints his poems, but I dare say we should do just as well without them: anyhow, the music can stand without them.

Music is a house in which are many mansions. If we cannot have really great music let us be thankful for Mr. Grainger's gay tunes; if we cannot have really great piano-playing let us be grateful for Mr. Grainger's beauty of tone, delicate phrasing, and irresponsible cheerfulness. A thousand times better than the monotonous Beethoven-Chopin-Liszt programme which we used to be compelled to listen to fifty times in a season—usually gone through in the stodgiest mechanical style imaginable, without any genuine understanding of the music or technique beyond the ordinary. In spite of the mournfulness of the musical outlook as a whole there are at least two or three bright spots in the gloom.

THE NEW MS. OF THE GOSPELS.

BY THE REV. H. J. WHITE.

THE attention of the British public has been called to the Freer Manuscript by the articles in the "Times" of Tuesday and Wednesday last; but its existence and value have been known to New Testament critics for some little time. To name only those of our own country, Dr. Oesterley gave a very good account of it, with a selection of its more noticeable readings, in 1909;* in the following year Professor Souter incorporated many of its variants into the apparatus criticus of his excellent Greek Testament, published for the Oxford University Press;† and in 1911 the New Palæographical Society issued photographs of two of its pages among the facsimiles for the year. But now at length a photographic reproduction of the whole codex, page for page, has

* "Our Bible Text." By the Rev. W. E. O. Oesterley. London: Skeffington.

† "Novum Testamentum Græce." Ed. A. Souter. Oxonii: e Typographeo Clarendoniano.

appeared; and through the courtesy of Mr. C. L. Freer a copy has been presented to the British Museum. Simultaneously with this, Professor H. Sanders, of the University of Michigan, has brought out a careful monograph, in which the age and text of the MS. are described at length, five facsimiles given, and a complete collation of the text added.* It is the appearance of these publications, and the detailed knowledge of the text thus put into our hands, that have aroused such widespread interest; it is the most important addition to our Greek authorities since the publication of the Codex Sinaiticus by Tischendorf in 1863.

The recent history of the MS. is soon told; with three other Biblical MSS. it was purchased in December 1906 by an American gentleman, Mr. Charles L. Freer, from an Arab dealer named Ali, at Gizeh, near Cairo. The dealer asserted that he had bought them all at Akhmim, the ancient Panopolis, on the Nile, in Upper Egypt; but he has since confessed the falseness of this statement, and has placed Mr. Freer in connexion with the supposed finders, from whom it appears that the original home was probably some monastery not very far from Gizeh itself—such as the Monastery of the Vinedresser, near the third pyramid. A subscription at the end of S. Mark's Gospel, in an early hand, prays that Our Lord may be "with his servant Timothy and all that belong to him"; said Timothy was in all probability head of the monastery for which the MS. was written; but from his days to our own its history is a blank, and no other marginal notes throw any light on its fortunes.

The MS. consists of 187 leaves (=374 pages) of good vellum, measuring roughly eight inches by six—a small quarto; it contains the four Gospels in what is known as the "Western" order, viz. Matthew, John, Luke, Mark. Professor Sanders dates it as early as the fourth century, and even the experienced editors of the Palæographical Society place it, though not without hesitation, in the fifth. The difficulty, in the way of fixing a date with certainty is due, as they acknowledge, to the handwriting being a sloping uncial, of a type different from that of any of the well-known early Greek Bibles. But, though I can only speak with diffidence in the face of such authorities, the very facts that the letters are sloping, not upright, that the down-strokes are clumsy and heavy, and that such letters as θ ϕ ψ are elongated and exaggerated, seem to me decisive in favour of the sixth century; by that time handwriting was declining from its original purity, and these features are symptoms of the decline; the absence of narrow columns may also point in the same direction.

And may we not further urge that the character of the text suits best with the later date? It is composite, different Gospels being obviously copied from different exemplars; and it must have taken a considerable amount of time for these various types of text to have gravitated to one locality. In S. Matthew and the latter part of S. Luke the Freer MS. presents the characteristic readings, on the whole, of the "Syrian" school, that text which gradually hardened into the Textus Receptus; in S. John and the first eight chapters of S. Luke it is much nearer to the great fourth century uncials; while in S. Mark, with general adherence to the Vatican and Sinaitic MSS., it has some interesting "Western" readings; for instance, in Mark ii. 26 it agrees with D and the Old Latin in omitting the puzzling reference to Abiathar the High Priest; and in xiii. 2 it adds, with much the same authorities, the words "and in three days another shall rise without hands". But, of course, the reading which has aroused most attention is the strange addition in the last chapter of this Gospel; here again the Freer MS. parts company with the two great uncials and follows the later MSS., by giving the "longer end-

ing" (Mark xvi. 9-20), but after verse 14 it adds two strange sayings, one of the Apostles to our Lord, the other of our Lord to the Apostles. In English the passage runs as follows: "And they excused themselves saying, This age of lawlessness and unbelief is under Satan, who does not permit, through the agency of unclean spirits, the true power of God to be apprehended; therefore reveal thy righteousness already, they said to Christ; and Christ said to them, The limit of the years of the power of Satan is fulfilled, but other terrible things draw nigh, and on behalf of those who sinned I was delivered unto death, that they may return to the truth and sin no more; in order that they may inherit the spiritual and incorruptible glory of righteousness in heaven". The first of these "sayings", though hitherto not found in any Greek manuscript, was known to Jerome, who alludes to it in his second Dialogue against the Pelagians as occurring in some copies, "especially Greek MSS.", known to him ("in quibusdam exemplaribus et maxime in græcis codicibus"); but the second is absolutely new to us. Yet it is interesting rather than important; it is neither instructive nor inspiring; it bears no stamp of originality of authenticity on it; it is the product of some scribe who has put his own commonplace reflexions into the mouth of the Saviour.

SKETCHES IN ITALY.

BY GEORGE A. B. DEWAR.

I.

SHELLEY wrote in one of his letters from the South, I think from Naples, that the Italian spring for all its loveliness had nothing quite so good as that "first mild day" which Wordsworth praised. He was right. The sensation which Wordsworth, with a simple magic, got into those lines about the first mild day—"day with each minute sweeter than before"—if not peculiar to England is probably felt only in northern countries where winter is terrible and the start of spring icy. One scarcely feels in the South that each minute is sweeter than before, only that each minute is just as sweet as the minute before, which is quite another experience; it is not, as Shelley said, so intoxicating. This at least has been my own experience for three early springs past, first in Sicily, then in the Atlas—where the enchanted spring seems to start with hawthorn and mimosa in full flower before the fig-tree is leafing—and this year in Southern Italy round Capri and Amalfi and Vesuvius. Apply Wordsworth's saying to these early Southern springs, and its nicety is quite lost; and it appears to be loose poetic rhapsody, whereas used of the first balmy days at home it expresses a perfectly simple and prose fact.

Then there comes a later and very different phase of spring in which surely the English scene can at least equal anything of the kind they know in the South. I mean this week's scene in any bit of quite ordinary England in Sussex, Surrey, Hertfordshire or Hampshire, where the landscape is not in the least degree heroic, but just a pleasant medley of plenty of parks, lanes, woods and commons.

Take for example the bit of country about Hatfield and Welwyn on the north of London and a mile or two of the woody country about Odiham and Winchfield on the south of London. I don't believe for a moment that in Sicily or in the Atlas or in the whole length of Italy, from the Alps to the most southern Apennine, there is a scene of leaf colour and leaf wealth and variety to excel the Odiham and Winchfield one. I have my doubt whether there is a scene in the South that really equals it. I saw it a few days ago, and it struck me that I had never recognised the strange splendour of the thing before—though I remember now the same thing exactly has struck me in several years past. The phase—a week ago—was by no means one of general green. Emerald green scarcely appeared, even sap-green, as it is called I believe in students' water-colours, was very far from being the ruling colour.

* "Washington MS. of the Gospels." (University of Michigan Studies: Humanistic Series, Vol. IX. 1.) By H. A. Sanders. New York: Macmillan.

The woods and parks appeared in a wild confusion of ochres and umbers, of olives and siennas, with here and there a patch of something like absolute red approaching crimson; I am certain of that bright red because I have taken particular note of it for years past in England. It comes from oak-trees always, and I know spots in the New Forest and other woods where I can go any May and find undoubtedly red leafing oaks among a far greater profusion of undoubtedly yellow leafing oaks—yellow which varies in shades between the flower of the spurge, and that of even the primrose. This is not post-impressionism, but photographic fidelity to fact.

The whole effect of this confusion of tint is utterly opposed to one's idea of chlorophyll. One climbs to a high spot and looks round expecting to find the landscape all vivid green. It is hardly anything of the kind; but it is presented in these other dyes, most of them subdued and chastened, a few bright and biting like those of October. Why, even the birches a week ago appeared almost as silver or grey as they appeared green, though till this spring I had believed that at least they, approaching their full foliage, were an absolute true verdant—as the larches, I still hold, always are in April and early May in England. It is not verdant or one vivid green, then—or it was not a week ago—but none the less it gives one the impression of immense freshness and vigour. Besides it is a surprise, and a glorious thing that braces and stirs one.

So the Southern scene has not two phases that correspond with and excel these two—Wordsworth's first mild day of March and the leaf landscape of England just before May is at its full. In other phases, on the whole I think it better not to strike comparisons—though I fear they will creep in at times. It would be hard to keep them quite out, for instance, in speaking of the colour of those southern seas. Byron told Trelawny that he was a land-lubber really and that he merely got up the jargon of the sea and ships for the purposes of his poetry; but he added that he did know better than "that duffer Shakespeare" who had written of the sea as green. Shakespeare was all wrong—the sea was blue. Byron might have excused the duffer had he and Trelawny just come round the last fold of the coastline from Amalfi and looked on Salerno and Vetri, as I saw them one day, lying white and gleaming in the sun across a great band of pure green sea, no tinge of blue in its whole long wide spread till near the land on the other side lay another narrower band of dull purple: beyond that the faintest cloudy outline of low coast to the southern limit of the Gulf, and then reared up on the horizon, forty or fifty miles away, Apennines beyond Paestum.

Therefore the Mediterranean, great spaces, realms of it, can without the least illusion be absolute green, true like the gems, and with the transparency of a gem.

But blue is of course its right habit and description, and the coast from Capri to Amalfi has lately taught me, what I never suspected before at home or abroad—the sea can be blue in spite of the heaviest, greyest sky. I knew before that the sea does not servilely take on the colour of the sky, that the sea adapts rather than merely adopts sky blues. The scenes at the Solent and about Boscastle and Trevalga cliffs, and at the Bass Rock even in mid-winter, had made me realise this. But till I saw the Mediterranean one day this spring between Sorrento and Amalfi, especially somewhere midway near Positano, I had no idea that the sea can appear—and be—a deep wonderful blue, with the whole sky covered by a gloomy pall of formless stratus cloud. It surprised me the more because my belief that though the sea does not copy it depends on sky blue for its own blue had just been fortified on another part of the coast. Wandering among the wild tracks and mule-paths in the Apennines about Levanto I got many glimpses of the sea far below, and in those two or three days the Mediterranean was grey as any northern sea on a dull day.

In the same way it can be English grey at Naples for days, perhaps for weeks together. But I see now that the guide books we all deride so much are quite right in faithfully drawing on one another from generation to generation, and declaring that the sea at Capri is of a peculiar, intensive blue. I know, moreover, that the picture postcards do not put on the colour too thick. They cannot. The blue of the Capri seems to burn. The only blue I have seen to surpass it in intensity is that of the Mediterranean by Marsa and Sidi-bou-Said, on the coast of the Regency. But that has been on a hot afternoon with a sky very deep blue. At Capri the sea blue in early spring can be deep and lustrous even when the sky tint is only pale azure.

Something depends, I dare say much depends, on the height from which we look down at the sea—and the height is great at some points between Sorrento and Amalfi. Much depends doubtless on the angle, on the light, the state of the atmosphere. The working up of colour is a conjury of lights and angles and refractions. Yet, even when some superior scientific soul has explained it all away, this fact remains: with the mighty pillars of that coast from Sorrento to Amalfi wrapt about by wreathing clouds and mists, and the horizon blind with rain, and the entire sky covered with dark scud, one can still look down into blue depths.

I think I know now what Shelley meant, what sort of sea and season he had in mind when he wrote of the coil of crystalline streams and of an "azure sister of the Spring", though I cannot place that "pumice isle in Baiæ's bay".

THIS VILE BODY.

By FILSON YOUNG.

ONE of the most sobering events of middle age is the first realisation that one's health is a thing that must be taken care of, and that one's body will resist undue demands upon it. Hitherto we have been busy with other things, and in the glorious crowded morning-time of life have had little time or necessity for preoccupations as to the maintenance of physical health. We took it as a right and a matter of course, like the air we breathe and the water we drink. But afterwards, in that trying time when a man must realise that his youth is gone, that the season of hope and promise is over, and that from now to the end it must be either performance or remembrance, it comes upon him with sometimes painful realisation that attached to, mysteriously involved with, his eager and still aspiring spirit, is a creature of flesh, which shows signs of rebellion, and even—oh horror!—of decay. With something like shame and humiliation he realises that this physical machinery is of immense importance in hindering or furthering his prime activities. Memories of that happy period when the flesh was no burden assail him, and he becomes increasingly conscious that he has a vile body, and wistfully dreams of a glorious body.

It is then that, with something like desperation, we begin to cast about us in the search for some remedy for disease, or some conserving elixir of life. Youth and health themselves have little preoccupation with such matters; it is middle age and the age that follows it, and broken health and the symptoms of disease, which set man forth on the quest of the glorious body. And it is, I think, from the experience of middle-aged people, and those who themselves have suffered bad health, that we must look for guidance on the great question as to how our bodies shall be treated when their store of youth is over, and the degeneration of their tissues begins. Sir Horace Plunkett is one of the most interesting of the pilgrims who have recently set out on this quest. In a lecture delivered to the Royal Dublin Society he has given a very interesting account* of his own

* "Some Tendencies of Modern Medicine from a Lay Point of View." By the Right Hon. Sir Horace Plunkett. Dublin: Eason. 1913. 6d.

experience in the Battle Creek Sanitarium in America, and the ideas as to the health, both of the individual and of the community, with which his treatment there have inspired him. And like everything which goes through the mill of his mind, this experience of Sir Horace Plunkett has given us a germ of theory which might well develop into a condition of active and constructive practice.

I confess that, although I myself am not yet old enough, or ill enough, to have become personally pre-occupied with questions of health, and am consequently all too prone to brush them aside as unfruitful, I know that that is a selfish and uncivil attitude; that sooner or later it will become of vital importance to me to know how to make myself well again, and that what will certainly happen to me personally is as certainly happening at this minute to millions of my fellow beings. And I must confess to being interested and impressed by the practical and common-sense methods of the Battle Creek people. They seem to be careful to take the science of medicine as far as, but not one inch further than, it will go. All the ritual of the bottle and pill and the mystic paraphernalia of the old physician's art is brushed ruthlessly away. On arrival at the institution the patient is put through a few routine questions, including, with a grim touch, the name and address of the nearest relative in case of his death. "You understand", says the receiving physician in Sir Horace Plunkett's paraphrase, "we do not pretend to cure people. Nature does that. If they are not well, unless some infection or accidental injury is the cause, they have offended against the laws of Nature. What we propose to do for you is to determine, by every means known to medical science, the character and degree of your departure from the normal. We will explain to you everything that we find out about your case. We shall have no regard whatever for your feelings. We shall assume that you wish to know the absolute truth and will do our best to make you understand it. It will be up to you to follow the road back to the normal, which we think we will be able to point out". The patient is then put through a complete examination as to history, past ailments and their treatments. He is then physically examined from head to foot, the muscles and reflexes tested, and every kind of waste product analysed by specialists in their several laboratories. He is thus furnished with a complete and scientific diagnosis of his condition which he can take about with him all over the world, and which should be invaluable to any doctor who is attending him. The result may be of great importance, as it certainly was in Sir Horace Plunkett's case. Before his visit to Battle Creek he visited an eminent specialist in London who diagnosed a deficiency of hydrochloric acid in his system, and prescribed the taking of that drug with every meal. I remember Sir Horace producing at dinner a deadly-looking green bottle full of this terrible poison, which smoked when the glass stopper was taken out of it. At Battle Creek they demonstrated to him that what was the matter with his system was an excess of hydrochloric acid; he was put upon a suitable diet, and with excellent results.

I need hardly say that the dietary of Battle Creek is on non-meat principles because, although the world continues to eat the bodies of dead animals, the present tendency of anyone who studies diet at all scientifically is towards the belief that they are not only unnecessary, but harmful. Certainly they complicate life very much, although for most people the pursuit of a suitable diet from which they are excluded is still more complicating. But if the majority of people ever attain to a simpler and, from this point of view, more rational way of living, it will be due to the pioneer work of people who have chosen to be eccentric and inconvenient, and who have run the risk of being called cranks and bores, and who have perhaps injured themselves by mistakes made in their groping for the ideal of a fleshless diet which will fulfil the conditions demanded by modern

life. And, although in this matter my own views are simply agnostic, I feel that it ill becomes those who have not themselves been convinced to add their opposition to the great weight of merely stupid inertia which is always opposed to any active or constructive effort. And I think that no one can read Sir Horace Plunkett's pamphlet without feeling that he is listening to the words not of a cranky invalid but of a sane man of the world who loves the real joys of life as much as anyone, and whose ambition it has been and is to make them not the privilege of the few, but the inheritance of the many.

The immediately practical suggestion contained in these pages is for the establishment of certain institutions purely for the purpose of diagnosis, and that when the patient consults the physician the first step taken as a matter of course should be a complete diagnosis on the lines of the Battle Creek institution. This is merely common sense, and an extension on co-operative principles of what in fact is at present done in individual cases with infinite trouble and complication. My own belief about doctors is that the time has gone by for them simply to profess to cure disease, and that the doctor should be the adviser on health rather than on disease. Yet the curious fact is that doctors spend a great many years in studying disease, but hardly ever study health. Some of them know very little about health. They know a great deal about the action of drugs, but very little about the action of ordinary foods. With regard to wine, for example, the ignorance of the ordinary general practitioner is colossal. The difference between the effect of a bottle of old Bordeaux in a case of convalescence and of a bottle of old Burgundy in a case of normal health is a thing they know nothing whatever about, and I imagine them to be just as ignorant about the effects of different articles of food. They do not take such things seriously. Yet if the doctor is to continue the great advance which his profession has made in the past it will be in the direction of being an adviser in health rather than in disease. But of course the public must do its share. And the first thing that will be necessary is that the head of every household should not wait until someone is ill to pay the doctor, but should pay him when everyone is well—pay him so much per head per year simply to come in occasionally, survey the house, observe the dietetic habits of its various members, and give advice as to how the health of that household should be maintained. It is not fair to expect a man to keep you in health if he is only to be called in when you are ill.

I cannot refrain from quoting a passage from Carlyle's "Reminiscences", which Sir Horace gives as an example of the public attitude towards doctors. Sir Horace considers that the writer of this severe judgment, who lived to a ripe old age, "would probably have been much less scornful if he had been given a bottle, and much more angry if he had been told to restrict his dietary to the physical requirements of a philosopher". But Carlyle in fact lived the simplest of lives, on the simplest of foods—chiefly vegetarian, so that I think he has a right to his delightful and characteristic utterance:—

"I had ridden to Edinburgh, there to consult a doctor, having at least reduced my complexities to a single question: Is this disease curable by medicine, or is it chronic, incurable except by regimen, if even so? This question I earnestly put; got response, 'It is all tobacco, Sir; give up tobacco'. Gave it instantly and strictly up. Found after long months that I might as well have ridden sixty miles in the opposite direction, and poured my sorrows into the long, hairy ear of the first jackass I came upon, as into this select medical man's, whose name I will not mention."

If Sir Horace Plunkett will show in his own improved health the value of the Battle Creek methods he will not only give them the greatest advertisement, but earn for them the greatest gratitude, that it is possible for such an institution to earn at this time.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. GEORGE'S SPECULATIVE BUDGET.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Springhill Clarkston Glasgow, 10 May 1913.

SIR—The Chancellor of the Exchequer has set our financial authorities agog with his statement that by the end of the current year, if nothing goes wrong meanwhile, the record of the present Government in the matter of debt redemption will have reached 102 millions.

Mr. Gibson Bowles, in the "Times", objects that no account is taken of a large diminution of the cash balance. As a matter of fact, there is no such diminution. There is, on the contrary, a virtual increase of between two and three millions; for, although in the summary of Exchequer receipts and issues (White Paper No. 84) the balance as at 31 March last stands at 6½ millions, as compared with 10½ millions seven years before, there are items on the issue side amounting to 6½ millions which have to be added to the balance on a comparison, inasmuch as, being issues for repayment of debt, they have not yet appeared in the debt redemption account.

The "Economist" is puzzled, and would be sceptical if it had not the authority of Mr. Lloyd George for the estimate of 102 millions. The "Statist" accounts for eight millions of the surprising total by the simple expedient of including in its account the last year of the present Government's predecessors.

Besides the 6½ millions which I have mentioned, there are large sums which have been paid out for debt redemption, but which have escaped the notice of all these financial experts. For the most part, when money is thus paid out, it goes into what is called the "Sinking Funds Account", and there it remains suspended between heaven and earth, sometimes for years, until it is employed in the actual purchase of the national obligations. When the annual Blue Book is published in July it will be seen that there were a good many millions in this position on 31 March last; of which nothing, so far as I can learn, has yet been said or printed. A balance of one million was taken over by the present Government in 1906. It was, of course, saved by their predecessors, but Messrs. Asquith and Lloyd George have invariably taken credit for it.

Quite probably Mr. George's estimate of 102 millions is approximately correct if we deduct from the debt, as he does in his calculation, the ten millions of telephone borrowings. He should have been asked, however, what sum in cash is represented by the 102 millions of debt. He is discreetly silent as to one factor which has operated very largely in bringing about the splendid result. It is the fact that, thanks to Lloyd George finance, we are paying off our debt at fifteen shillings in the pound. Another relevant circumstance is that he and Mr. Asquith, in their eight years, will have taken from the income-tax payer 300 millions of money. As to the ways in which this money is raised, I will mention two, as coming under my own notice. An old man whom I know, having saved a little money, bought a life annuity, which naturally at his age is little more than a return of capital. He has to pay fourteenpence out of every pound of it. If the tax is supposed to be taken from what is really income or interest in the annuity, the rate comes out at six or seven shillings in the pound. Now there are other annuities—Civil Service pensions say—from which Mr. George takes ninetynine in the pound. Yet the only circumstance which differentiates the first-mentioned annuity from these is that it was bought with money which had all paid income tax in the making. A widow relative of mine has been living in Canada for some years past. She has a small estate in house property here—her only means—which, thanks again to Lloyd George finance, yields her no income. Owing to the method in which income tax is levied on property (assessment of rents) a sum of about twenty pounds has in the last four years been taken from her estate by the Inland Revenue,

which has refused to refund a penny. It is one of the enactments of the People's Budget that no exemption abatement or relief in the matter of income tax shall be allowed to any person not dwelling in the United Kingdom.

Here is a comparison which I commend to the attention of Mr. George's admirers. Sir Stafford Northcote, when he established the New Sinking Fund which has operated so wonderfully, out of a total revenue short of 80 millions set apart 28 millions for the service of the debt. Mr. George, out of a revenue close on 200 millions, sets apart 24½ millions for the same purpose, plus, it is fair to say, some three millions which are hidden in the votes. Really Mr. George has nothing to brag of in the matter.

I am Sir your obedient servant

JOHN GOVAN.

LIBERALISM AND THE FUTURE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Aliwal North, South Africa

15 April 1913.

SIR—So great was my interest in your review of Mr. J. M. Robertson's book on "The Meaning of Liberalism"—a book I may never see—that I read it again and again.

Although rightly or wrongly you took a pessimistic view, based on a comprehensive analysis, of the future of Liberalism as presented by Mr. Robertson, would it not be wrong of anyone to declare that past and present Liberalism, whatever its future character may be, is destitute of positive redeeming features?

In the past, Liberalism, perhaps equally with Conservatism, its time-honoured political antagonist, has undoubtedly at times done excellent service for the people of the United Kingdom; and, but for intermittent failure of the humanum est errare order—failure to discriminate wisely between right and wrong, discretion and indiscretion—would never have been driven by popular clamour to surrender its administrative privileges. In truth the same can be said of Conservatism. But Conservatism, not less than Liberalism according to the Robertsonian theory which suggested to you the question "Is it not doomed to perish?", that willingly divorces itself from or theoretically eludes the supreme call of the "spirit of religion", not to speak of Empire etc., strikes me as being in great danger of abdicating its historic usefulness to the nation, or in another sense misinterpreting the law of the "survival of the fittest" in the world of British political organisation.

Allusion to modern Conservatism in this fashion may be unjustifiable except by way of contrast. Let us hope such is actually the case; and also let us hope Liberalism of the future will not be the spiritless coldly scientific creed one at least of its theorists has laboriously elaborated for its guidance.

If anyone were to ask me the question: "What do you consider essential to robust political principles?" I should at once reply: "Belief in the inseparable correlation of the spirit of religion and the forces that metamorphose as well as make human habits of thought and action."

Yours faithfully

A. ODELL HOLCROFT.

THE PUBLIC AND THE SUFFRAGETTES.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

National Union of Women's Suffrage Societies
Parliament Chambers S.W.

12 May 1913.

SIR—My attention has been called to a letter in the SATURDAY REVIEW of 10 May, signed W. J. Garnett, which states that I have "vigorously expressed approval" of the interruption by suffragettes of the sittings of the House of Commons and the howling down of Mr. Lloyd George in the Albert Hall. Not only is this untrue, but it is the absolute reverse of the truth.

I have again and again with what vigour I can command expressed the strongest disapproval of these and similar proceedings.

I remain yours faithfully

MILlicENT GARRETT FAWCETT.

AGRICULTURAL MINIMUM WAGE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Athenæum Club S.W., 9 May 1913.

SIR—Having read the Chancellor's elusive but fascinating proposal of last night, I would ask him but one question. How, with last night's speech in his mind, could he sit still last Friday and hear Mr. Burns undermine and defeat the honest effort of the Unionists, led by Mr. Bathurst, to improve the housing of the rural population? Cave canem! Granted that all may not see eye to eye with the member for South Wilts in the details of his Bill, will the Chancellor now deny that, as a genuine contribution to the cause he has so much at heart, it deserved his active support and that of the Cabinet in which he has a predominating influence?

I am Sir your obedient servant
STEPHEN L. NORRIS, Major R.E. (retired).

SMILING AFTER DEATH.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Cape Town, 23 April.

SIR—I see in the papers a reference to the fact that the King of Greece had a smile on his face after death, as if showing that the death was very sudden. May I suggest that this smile so often seen after death is purely mechanical and is due to the relaxation of the cheek muscles owing to their not being any longer controlled by the will and hence falling by their weight away from the mouth of the corpse in a recumbent position. It is the most natural thing to happen except in the case of very thin and emaciated faces. It is sad to have to part with such a beautiful and poetic idea, but it seems far more likely than that a man after the sudden horror of being shot or stabbed should still continue smiling. It would be interesting to hear what some of your medical readers think on this subject.

Yours faithfully

THEODORE B. BLATHWAYT.

"DIE ZAUBERFLÖTE."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Guy's Hospital, London S.E.

29 April 1913.

SIR—There can be no better object than the revival of "Die Zauberflöte". The libretto has been a stumbling-block in the past; but it has ceased to be one, at any rate for English audiences, since Mr. E. J. Dent published his admirable translation.

The opera, however, is not as dead as Mr. Garnett thinks. Mr. Dent's translation was made for the memorable performance at Cambridge in 1911; a performance is being given during the present week by the Carl Rosa company at the Coronet Theatre; and I believe that two other operatic enterprises are considering productions of it in the near future.

Bad as the original libretto is in German, it is scarcely fair to Giesecke to quote him in the Italian translation. A glance at the score will show how the Italian version has mangled the musical rhythms. It cannot be made to fit the notes, and is even more ridiculously phrased than the German original.

The real reason for the Queen of Night's music is explained by Mr. Dent in his "Mozart's Operas: a Critical Study". "Die Zauberflöte" was modelled on Wrangitzky's "Oberon", which contains a florid aria written specially for Mme. Hofer; and this was evidently the prototype of the two that Mozart wrote for her.

I am etc.

W. DENIS BROWNE.

PLAYS AND PALACES.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

London, 15 May 1913.

SIR—Why will managers continue to talk of the competition of music-halls and theatres? Sir Herbert Tree brought up the topic again, writing to the meeting of the National Memorial Theatre on Thursday last. The National Memorial Theatre figures in many minds as an institution which is to rescue the intellectual theatre from being done to death by the music-hall and palace of variety. The agitation of Sir Arthur Pinero, who seems anxious to smoke dramatic art out of the "legitimate" houses, lends colour to these panic assumptions.

Where is there ground? What analogy is there between the playgoing habit and the habit of attending music-halls? Wherein do the moods and requirements resemble one another in which one "goes to the play" or "finishes up at a music-hall"? There is no more competition between going to a theatre and going to a music-hall than between going to a theatre and going to Ascot. The two institutions satisfy entirely different needs of the public. Some people are by nature playgoers; others by nature want conversation, refreshment and entertainment in a public place. The majority want sometimes one, sometimes the other. But there is no similarity between the two things. If one wants a play, one does not take a music-hall instead; and if one wants a music-hall one does not dream of looking for a play. There is no competition.

I am yours obediently

PLAYGOER.

"SETTING THE THAMES ON FIRE."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

37 Markham Square Chelsea S.W.

11 May 1913.

SIR—I thought that the late Professor Skeat had finally laid to rest the "active fellow" with the sieve. In a correspondence in "Notes and Queries" he challenged anyone to produce an example of this fable earlier than 25 March 1865, when it was put forward by a correspondent in the paper already named, and pertinently adds, "If an 'active fellow' could do this once he could do it now. Well, I should like to see him do it". Surely "set the Thames on fire" is good sense enough, and simply means do something which would startle all the world. The phrase is not generally used in connection with lack of bodily, but mental, activity.

I am Sir yours obediently

HARRY EARLE.

MR. PUNCH'S SLIP.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Eton College, 14 May 1913.

SIR—I see in to-day's "Punch", page 387:—

"May it mew, like the eagle, its mighty youth."—

SATURDAY REVIEW.

"Do eagles mew?" is the problem that is stirring educated London to its depths just now."

But surely, Sir, "educated London" outside Bouverie Street solved that problem when Milton wrote in his "Areopagitica":—

"Methinks I see her as an eagle mewing her mighty youth."

Yours truly

F. W. DOBBS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

14 May 1913.

SIR—Mr. Punch is evidently not a reader of Dryden—

"Nine times the moon had mew'd her horns"—

or he would not have slipped so ludicrously as he does this week in ridiculing you for your note on the "Times". But what a pity that a word so nice, connoting so much more than merely "change", has gone out of all but literary use! It would be a boon if we could restore such words for moderate and discreet service.

Yours faithfully

A WORD LOVER.

REVIEWS.

POETS' COPY.

"Dauber." By John Masefield. London: Heinemann. 1913. 3s. 6d. net.

MR. MASEFIELD is leading English poetry into fresh fields in the spirit of Dauber, who explains:

"It's not been done, the sea, not yet been done,
From the inside, by one who really knows".

Dauber ships aboard a sailing vessel bound for San Francisco round the Horn, to watch the sea, and know the life of the sea in work beside men of the sea:

"Si talked with Dauber, standing by the side.
'Why did you come to sea, painter?' he said.
'I want to be a painter', he replied,
'And know the sea and ships from A to Z,
And paint great ships at sea before I'm dead;
Ships under skysails running down the Trade—
Ships and the sea; there's nothing finer made.

"But there's so much to learn, with sails and ropes,
And how the sails look, full or being furled,
And how the lights change in the troughs and slopes,
And the sea's colours up and down the world,
And how a storm looks when the sprays are hurled
High as the yard (they say) I want to see;
There's none ashore can teach such things to me".

Here we feel both the strength and the weakness of the poetry of Mr. Masefield, and of that attitude towards life it embodies. It is Mr. Masefield's strength that, unlike Mr. William Watson, whose verse we were discussing a few weeks ago, he does not go to books for his inspiration, or live happily and easily within the recognised provinces of English poetry. It is Mr. Masefield's weakness that he is too consciously a pioneer; the world is too palpably his oyster; he is too sure that the earth and the sea are, as it were, an inexhaustible fountain of good "copy"; that the earth and the sea, as Dauber tells us, have "not yet been done". This is the spirit of modern authors, not of course in any sense peculiar to Mr. Masefield. Men are eagerly looking for new worlds; and are too ready to feel as their first impulse when they see the beauty of anything that it is their immediate duty to record it. We cannot help thinking that Dauber's deliberate approach of the sea as a sort of poetic estate to be developed; a country to be opened up; a chaos to be nicely tidied in a sort of plastic re-creation of the world in six days—we cannot help feeling that this is too self-conscious, too much in the way of journalism to bring forth a mighty literature of things as yet undreamed. We suspect that our great poet or painter of the sea is more likely to come from Dauber's comrades before the mast, men who came not out to look for the sea, but found it in the necessary way of life, than from Dauber himself, for whom the sea was a studio.

We have already so urgently insisted upon the force and beauty of Mr. Masefield's work that this review may perhaps without injustice be devoted to pointing out the perils that lie in wait for him. His tendency to look upon life as so much raw material for art—the more raw the better—has its revenges in a frequently exaggerated brutality, as if he definitely wished to assert: "I have gone down into life from my poet's pinnacle, and I have found this brutal thing. Bear me witness how I have turned it to beauty that surpasses far the favour and the prettiness of men who go down into books".

There is a thing which begins more evilly to mar Mr. Masefield's work—a bitterness and partiality of spirit. From the first we have noted in him an inclination to view life as a kind of dark conspiracy against the one just man. The whole world is artificially darkened that the hero may stand in transfigured bold relief. In Dauber this fault seriously disturbs the

balance of poetic justice. Dauber's ship-fellows are incredibly black and coarse that Dauber's martyrdom may be the more reputable. Moreover, last offence of all in a poet of Mr. Masefield's calibre, bathos and irrelevant visions of a world neatly divided into Conservatives and Radicals, temperance men and licensed victuallers, occasionally intrude at unexpected moments; for Mr. Masefield's world is not only apt to figure as a conspiracy of unjust against just, but of unjust Tories against just champions of the people. Conceive the horrors of Cape Horn delivered by Mr. Masefield at the height of his descriptive compass. Conceive the Dauber frozen and stunned with the sea. Mr. Masefield desires a climax of the Dauber's heroism, a final and immense triumph of spirit over matter:

"When all were gone the Dauber lagged astern,
Torn by his frozen body's lust for heat,
The liquor's pleasant smell, so warm, so sweet,

"And by a promise long since made at home
Never to taste strong liquor. Now he knew
The worth of liquor; now he wanted some.
His frozen body urged him to the brew;
Yet it seemed wrong, an evil thing to do . . ."

This is anti-climax. It immediately brings down the scene of that desperate battle between man and the sea to the level of a temperance platform. The poet is lost in the politician, no longer seeing life in the round. This passage is more than a nasty accident; for degradation of the poetic vein recurs wherever Mr. Masefield fringes a "social subject":

"Father has worked the farm since grandfer went;
It means the world to him; I can't think why
They bleed him to the last half-crown for rent . . ."

What is this curious speck in Mr. Masefield that hazards the beauty of some of his finest passages? One of the most striking pictures in this poem is a description of whales calling through the fog in answer to the ship's horn. Mr. Masefield fares unerringly till his familiar devil prompts him even here to see victims of the world's conspiracy. Observe, as a dreadful warning to poets, the entirely ludicrous effect of the lines we have ventured to italicise:

"Who rode that desolate sea? What forms were those?

Mournful, from things defeated, in the throes
Of memory of some conquered hunting-ground,
Out of the night of death arose the sound.

"Whales!" said the mate. They stayed there all night long

Answering the horn. Out of the night they spoke,
*Defeated creatures who had suffered wrong,
But were still noble underneath the stroke*".

Mr. Masefield is receiving so much unconsidered adulation just now that it will perhaps be something of a shock for him to know that some of his best friends, reading "Dauber", are made more anxious than merry. This anxiety is not tempered but increased by the beauty of many lines, the vigour of many phrases, and the total fine impression which at the end one has of the ship in which Dauber sailed and of the sea. For the ship is the pivot of this tale. Dauber is relatively unimportant. We do not even see the ship and the sea through Dauber's eyes. From him we get "impressions" and "pen-pictures". From Mr. Masefield, at moments, we get the thing itself; when he describes what the Dauber saw, and what the Dauber, no longer a painter but merely a member of the crew, suffered and wrought by the Horn.

"That night the snow fell between six and seven,
A little feathery fall so light, so dry—
An aimless dust out of a confused heaven,
Upon an air no steadier than a sigh;
The powder dusted down and wandered by
So purposeless, so many, and so cold,
Then died, and the wind ceased, and the ship rolled."

It was the beginning of Cape Horn; and at the end—

"Cheerly they rang her in, those beating bells,
The new-come beauty stately from the sea,
Whitening the blue heave of the drowsy swells,
Treading the bubbles down. With three times three
They cheered her moving beauty in, and she
Came to her berth so noble, so superb;
Swayed like a queen, and answered to the curb.

"Then in the sunset's flush they went aloft,
And unbent sails in that most lovely hour,
When the light gentles and the wind is soft,
And beauty in the heart breaks like a flower.
Working aloft they saw the mountain tower,
Snow to the peak; they heard the launchmen shout;
And bright along the bay the lights came out."

All between was the cry of passionate men fighting
water and wind; and the Dauber lay quiet at the bottom
of the sea.

GREATER ROME AND GREATER BRITAIN.

"Greater Rome and Greater Britain." By Sir C. P. Lucas K.C.M.G. Oxford: At the Clarendon Press. 3s. 6d. net.

"The Grandeur that was Rome: a Survey of Roman Culture and Civilisation." By J. C. Stobart. London: Sidgwick and Jackson. 30s. net.

SIR CHARLES LUCAS has chosen a suggestive title for his essay; and of Greater Britain, at least, no one is more qualified to write. Of Greater Rome his knowledge is less intimate, but he has followed good authorities, and although Mr. Bryce and Lord Cromer had already laboured with profit in this branch of comparative history, Sir Charles Lucas has found not a few things worth saying which his fore-runners had left unsaid. Mr. Stobart's book makes its appeal not so much to the publicist as to the general reader. Its excellent illustrations give it an attraction not to be despised, and its rapid survey of Roman history is remarkably free from the inaccuracies which too often disfigure such books.

Mr. Stobart says truly that the lessons which have been drawn from Roman history are as various as the political complexions of its interpreters. Free Trader and Protectionist, Pacifist and Militarist, Liberal and Conservative—all alike seek to fortify their convictions (or prejudices) by an appeal to the story of the "Decline and Fall". Mr. Stobart protests against this habit of treating Rome "merely as a subject for autopsies and a source of gloomy vaticinations for the benefit of the British Empire"; and indeed the drawing of historical parallels demands instruments of precision which have yet to be devised, since mankind ascends from height to height in a spiral curve whose elements defy exact analysis. Nevertheless, the Roman Empire, as the greatest civilising and unifying force in the history of Europe, is eminently worthy of the study of those whom England sends forth to civilise and to unify, however changed the problems which confront them may be. Moreover, not a year passes but we learn from archaeological discovery some fresh detail which enriches our comprehension of the whole or its parts.

Both Mr. Bryce and Lord Cromer excluded from the purview of their essays the self-governing colonies of England, as offering no very close analogy to the provinces of the Roman Empire, and both were thus forced to lay stress upon the differences rather than the resemblances between the two systems. There are three main causes which prevent England from carrying out that assimilation of conquered races which caused Bacon to write "it was not the Romans that spread upon the world, but it was the world that spread upon the Romans". The first is the climate of our tropical possessions, which renders it impossible for the Englishman to make his home there (we remember Seneca's "ubicunque vicit Romanus habitat"); the second, the bar opposed to fusion of race by colour-antipathy, a

force practically inoperative in the ancient world; the third, the reinforcement of this prejudice by irreconcilable differences of religion. It is true, of course, that the rise of Christianity brought Rome face to face with religion as a dissolving force, and with the sure instinct which guides a centralised administration in its dealings with centrifugal tendencies, the Government recognised that the new faith, with its claim to an undivided allegiance, threatened to undermine a fabric based on toleration and compromise and crowned with a formal cult of the Emperors which gave concrete expression to the new patriotism nursed into existence by the creators of a new nationality. The final form of this worship—the "Solar pantheism" of the third century—was ingeniously contrived to meet the needs of the time. The mystical creed which had conquered and in great part absorbed into itself the philosophy of later Hellenism was the only serious rival to Christianity (with which it had much in common), and its sacramental graces were sought by multitudes to whom the symbols of its varied cults were but dimly understood. In essence this creed was individualistic, almost anti-social; but in one of its forms the glory of the unconquered Sun-god was believed to rest upon the head of the earthly ruler, whose armies became typical of the spiritual forces arrayed against the powers of darkness. Here was a formula which seemed to reconcile the claims of the State with the cravings of the soul; but it was not given to the Empire to achieve this end.

Sir Charles Lucas emphasises the distinction, which is patent enough, between the "sphere of rule" and the "sphere of settlement" which make up the British Empire, and it is true that the growth, first of representative and then of federal institutions has enabled us to treat with more success a problem which was too hard for the ancient world—the adjustment of the relations between central and local authorities—by putting a girdle of free democracies about the globe. But there is yet another problem, more absorbing and more complex, that of the relation between the individual and the community, which still awaits its solution. Here the story of the ancient world has its lesson for us. It was Greek thinkers who laid broad and deep the foundations of the theory of government—in other words, the application of reason to the social problem; but it was Roman administrators who elaborated in practice the government fitted to a great territorial community. We must be careful, indeed, to do no injustice to the monarchies of the Hellenistic age—notably those of Pergamon and Alexandria—of which we know just enough to whet our curiosity, and to show that they were rich in works of public utility and scientifically organised in administration. We may be sure that they found apt pupils in the Romans, but these latter did far more than copy Hellenistic models, and though doubtless many an able Greek left his mark upon the Imperial administration, the Roman genius for order and system, fairly comparable in its own sphere with that of modern Germany, made itself felt in every department of life. The material handiwork of the Romans—imposing as it is—tells us only half the story, and serves but to illustrate a text which is being slowly deciphered. To take a single detail—the system of alimenta, or loans to small landowners upon the security of their estates, bearing interest which was devoted to the education and maintenance of poor children, assuredly the fruit of a wise and beneficent administration, fills one of those chapters of history which are written in the "Corpus Inscriptionum Latinarum".

Whence then came the seeds of failure and decay which brought this system to an untimely end? No simple answer can be given to this question; but if we are to select the flaw which seems most fatal, it is this: the tendency inseparable from triumphant bureaucracy to carry into practice the doctrine of the omniscience of the State. To those who hold—and what Englishman imbued with the true spirit of his race does not?—that the power to form free associations in which the individual can find shelter without servitude is essential to a progressive community, there is an

unmistakable significance in the process by which the Imperial Government, which had at first proscribed and then tolerated such associations, at length laid its heavy hand upon them and transformed them into instruments of enslavement, when the absolutism of the Later Empire set itself to re-model society on the basis of fixed and hereditary occupation. When this process was completed, the end was already near. Centuries of effort had created a new nationality, embracing the whole Roman world and drawing its inspiration from Roman traditions; but the poet who summed up the process in the oft-quoted line

"Urbem fecisti quod prius orbis erat"

had already seen the Visigoth enter Rome as a conqueror.

In our own time a great nationality, built up by methods akin to those of Rome, faces its hour of trial. Certainly many weighty observers believe that if it be found wanting, its failure will be due to the triumph of those forces which once more threaten to strangle the individual in the grip of a State which having made itself omnipotent, proceeds to declare itself omniscient. Sir Charles Lucas says, "the individual had more to do than Government with making our Empire, and the individual will probably in the long run have more to do with keeping it". The truth is that if the State strangles the individual or the individual the State, both will die.

"FULFILLED OF FAYRIE."

"Lore of Proserpine." By Maurice Hewlett. London: Macmillan. 1913. 5s. net.

WERE one to be walking with a friend who at every turn of the road pointed out some object invisible to oneself, one would probably have three natural impulses. First, there would be the desire to inquire for his mental health, next the effort to test his truthfulness, and, lastly, the wish that he should state his case in order that one should as far as possible enjoy the use of his eyes. After reading the "Lore of Proserpine" we are in a position more or less similar, save that we accept without question the author's veracity and sanity. We wish to see eye to eye with Mr. Hewlett, and it is not difficult to be in sympathy with him, for behind every line he writes is the spirit of revolt against the rule of that gross material knowledge which has "driven the Hamadryad from the wood" and done all those other vandal acts which Poe set forth in his sonnet. Happy is the man who can still have visions. Mr. Hewlett has given us his mental autobiography, and we know that he is of the fortunate ones, for he has wished to see the things which have not been explained, and to him they have taken shape. He has seen an elfin boy in the thicket, a dance of fairies on Parliament Hill, and a meeting of Diana's nymphs on the Wiltshire downs. We are glad to have shared something of his experiences through his book, to have tasted even a tithe of his sensations, because, make what one will of them, they serve to draw the mind towards one of its most proper activities—the one we style imagination. Probably we shall never see even a shadow of the things of which he writes, for we shall never actually have the use of his faculties for seeing, but then there are many minute organisms which must remain hidden from us unless we can borrow somebody's microscope. The savage of Central Africa, to whom the thing of tube and lenses is unknown, is probably a sceptic as to many scientific facts, and we do not wish to be tarred with the brush of his obstinate ignorance.

Several dangers, however, lie before Mr. Hewlett. Like everybody else who has enjoyed unusual experiences of a mental kind, he wishes to fit them together in order to form a theory, and he calls out for a "natural history of the preternatural". Nothing could be more absurd, and no good result could possibly follow. If we know anything of Naiads and Hamadryads it is that they are timid creatures and lovers

of liberty, unwilling to be investigated or to be codified. Moreover, for any such task much would have to be introduced which could not possibly be accepted as evidence. Mr. Hewlett's experiences are absolutely true only to himself, true to some extent to those who are in sympathy with him, but entirely false to a considerable portion of the world. Even in this book he introduces two stories which are not his own, and it would be easy to dismiss either of them as flimsy testimony. Every adventure which leads us out of the commonplace is delightful, because it is an expedition into the mysterious; there could be no advantage in walking in fairyland did we become tourists in place of discoverers. For the sake of those who have no opportunity for such travels, books such as the "Lore of Proserpine" may be written, but they can do no more than give the writer's point of view, and, by indicating the writer's temperament, act, perhaps, as sign-posts on the golden road. Probably, however, it is enough that they should win our sympathy. Many, we fancy, who can follow Mr. Hewlett's flights in woodland and open country will remain cold to him when he suggests that in the year 1886 Hermes entered the service of her late Majesty's Postmaster-General as a messenger to deliver telegrams in certain parts of the Metropolitan district. To bring fancies to facts must always be to engage in the sorry task of reduction, and the thing is like enough to work out in recurring decimals, so that endless pages are covered, and at last the work is abandoned in sheer weariness, with the original thought at least half forgotten. When the sign-post directs us it must bear a question mark in place of a statement of mileage.

A SKETCH OF MARLBOROUGH'S CAMPAIGNS.

"An Outline of Marlborough's Campaigns." Compiled by Captain F. W. O. Maycock. London: Allen. 1913. 5s. net.

THIS "Outline of Marlborough's Campaigns", the eighteenth of the "Special Campaign Series", forms a good useful introduction to a study of Marlborough's great exploits. For it gives briefly, and on the whole with clearness, an account of the military situation and of the campaigns, so far as concerns those in which England took a share, during the protracted wars of the Spanish Succession. Marlborough's masterly departure from the accepted rules upon which campaigns were usually conducted at this period, his brilliant strategy and his consummate tactics on the battlefield, all prove him to be one of the greatest generals in history. Even Napoleon conceded this much, and so high was his opinion of Marlborough's military abilities that in 1808 he ordered his Staff to prepare a history of his campaigns.

Modern students of war must be impressed with the extraordinary smallness of the numbers with which Marlborough achieved his most brilliant successes. Thus in his great victory at Blenheim he had only some fifty-two thousand men and sixty guns under his command, and of these only sixteen thousand were British troops, whilst the French numbered but fifty-four thousand with ninety guns. The magnitude of the results of Blenheim was quite disproportionate to the forces employed according to all modern ideas of war. It is true that there were great physical difficulties to be overcome, mainly due to the absence of good roads and of bridges. Yet the task of marching and of subsisting a small army of only fifty thousand men, even in face of such obstacles, was as nothing to what has now to be overcome when men are put into the field by hundreds of thousands.

Captain Maycock should study the elements of fortification before he attempts to write about the storming of strong places. Thus in his account of the assault of S. Michael near Venlo, he describes how our Guardsmen, after driving "their opponents from the glacis, scrambled up the counterscarp by means of the long

grass"! It sounds magnificent, but it certainly is not war nor even sense. His sketch-maps are, as a rule, adequate, but are none the less vexatious to consult. Why will not our young military writers master the elementary rules of mapping, and bear in mind that maps are meant to assist the reader and to make the text clear to him, and are not designed to impede him in his studies? By a curious perversion of ingenuity, the maps—there are nine of them—are neatly folded and packed away in a pocket at the end of this little book, so that in order to study any one of them it is necessary to unfold one after another until haply the one required is chanced upon. Had the title of each map, or even the bare numeral assigned to it in the "Contents", been stamped on its outside, this irritating process would have been avoided.

At times names are given in the text which are not shown on the map, for example, the River Waal in map 1; nor is there any particular advantage in writing the names of the rivers upside down, as of the Rhine and Meuse, also on map 1. It is always of assistance to the student if the names of places and those of the commanders of armies or of bodies of troops are written in different types. These are very minor errors it is true, but in a work of this style, which aims above all at clearness and conciseness, they are worthy of attention, for they alike tend to make the text clearer and more intelligible, and, after all, that is the whole object of such maps.

There is a curious passage on page 182, where Captain Maycock quotes the opinion of Bolingbroke, the Duke of Marlborough's great political opponent, as to his transcendent qualities. This passage is given, as it should be, in inverted commas. So far so good. But then in an entirely separate paragraph follows this statement in the body of the text, apparently expressing the opinions of the author. "I take with pleasure this opportunity of doing justice to that great man whose faults I knew, whose virtues I admired, and whose memory, as the greatest general and as the greatest Minister that our or perhaps any other country has produced, I honour." As printed this is Captain Maycock's panegyric: somebody has played some monkey's trick with the text.

THE ODES OF SOLOMON.

"Light on the Gospel from an Ancient Poet." By Edwin A. Abbott. Cambridge: At the University Press. 12s. 6d.

THE "ancient poet" is the unknown writer—a Christian, probably Jewish, and perhaps of the first century—who composed the remarkable anthology which was brought to light by Dr. Rendel Harris, known as the Odes of Solomon. Dr. Harris found them in a late mediæval Syriac manuscript, which contained also the well-known Psalms of Solomon (B.C. 70-40), but Professor Burkitt has since unearthed in the British Museum a tenth-century MS. which has the greater part of the newly discovered poems. Harnack has published an annotated edition of them, and works dealing with them amount to over eighty. There is nothing scholarly and theological which does not appeal to the veteran Dr. Abbott, and he too has now put forth an elaborate and vast treatise on the Odes, in which text is lost in scholium, for Dr. Abbott has translated but twelve of the eighty poems, and relegated these to an appendix in smaller type. He is "not sure that the time has come as yet for a good translation of this profound and difficult poet". That the Syriac is translated from a Greek original seems to be unproved. Behind the poems lies a background, not of Scriptural phrases, but of Biblical pictures and ideas, as interpreted by Jewish tradition, setting forth the thought of Redemption. The redeemed soul, or, perhaps God's people, passes through great waterfloods, like a pilgrim, to the holy place of God, or wanders in the wilderness seeking Him, or, as a worshipper, aspires towards the secret of the Lord, or, warrior-wise, gains

the heavenly victory to win entrance into Paradise. All leads up to the Son of Adam who is also Son of God, by whom the prison-house is thrown open and the captives delivered. There seem to be allusions to Baptism, and the Odes may have been meant to be sung at the font; but the tendency is rather mystical than sacramental. The Song of Songs, which the martyr-rabbi Akiba declared to be the Scriptural holy of holies, is mystically understood by the poet and largely drawn upon. The modern disparagement of Cantica Cantorum, Dr. Abbott remarks, is prejudiced and carnal.

The Odes, at any rate, are not Gnostic. Yet as a poetic meditation they seem to go back to a time before orthodoxy had crystallised into creed, when Christian thinkers and men and poets were still in the unanalysable atmosphere of the stupendous Life which was their life. If a New Testament phrase is used, it is transformed with evident originality, so as to be seen to be a Hebrew thought filtered through traditional Jewish comment. Dr. Abbott takes as an example the Pauline "mirror", connected with the Church's unveiled face, with the Spirit of the Lord and liberty. S. James speaks of looking into the law of liberty as into a mirror. Dr. Abbott finds an intermediate link in the thought, so prominent in the Odes, of the Bride adorning herself for her Husband. Israelite brides, by the by, were often adorned with turreted crowns, which may throw light on the apocalyptic identification of the golden Holy City and the Lamb's Wife, when she had made herself ready.

We must say that the fragment which Dr. Abbott gives us, interesting as it is, is enormously over-edited, and smothered under an overwhelming mass of not always intelligible or sane comment. The amount of labour and erudition which has been put into this work is stupendous. This is how the giants of old time were wont to scholy. But it is not everyone's reading. The index covers the nine volumes of Dr. Abbott's "Diatessarica", and we confess to getting lost in it. Why, for example, is there no reference there to the paragraphs about the Song of Songs in the present Part IX.?

A MERE WOMAN.

"A Mere Woman." By Vera Nikto. London: Duckworth. 1913. 6s.

THIS is a plain and simply-written book, which opens in a manner that at once engages the reader's attention, and proceeds in the course of the next few pages to justify amply the expectations of interest aroused at the start. Told throughout in the first person, it is the story of "a mere woman"; a woman who not only has had a life full of experiences, but can also treat that life in a manner sincere and discerning without becoming too self-conscious. Sonia is the daughter of a German father, exiled from his fatherland by business and sentiment, and a Russian mother, and the whole of her youth is passed in a town in the Caucasus, which is described with that intimacy and affection that mark personal knowledge. Sonia and her sister pass the days of their girlhood here, influenced by fear of their rarely seen father more than by the ineffectual rule of their mother, and apparently chiefly educated by one or two governesses. The episodes which the author chooses to illuminate the girls' characters as they grow are cleverly managed and told in brilliant detail. By this point the foreign atmosphere has so permeated the English reader that he accepts unthinkingly the implied suggestion that for a girl in such a position there is no escape save by marriage. Inevitably Sonia reaches a marriageable age; inevitably her parents find her a husband; and before she knows anything of the world she is married to a man whom she soon discovers to be a confirmed drunkard.

It has, however, been made obvious to us that Sonia, unlike her sister, is a girl of spirit; she will not bow her head, as her girl friends do, to conventional compromises. She maintains her personal dignity in

relation to her husband as long as she can; but when finally he attempts to shoot her, in a fit of inebriated passion, she shakes him off and secures a divorce. Thereupon follows her first acquaintance with real passion. She falls desperately in love with a colonel, who, as a man of the world, accepts every favour that she has to offer him, and then, as a man of experience also, deserts her, leaving a cruel-only-to-be-kind letter to say that a passion snapped is better than a passion decayed. Home is now impossible to the heart-broken Sonia, and she goes on a visit to a married friend in S. Petersburg.

Here the tone of this human document alters very subtly. Hitherto we have been conscious of a fresh and innocent spectator of life; but now, after the great disillusionment, we feel that Sonia is becoming cosmopolitan and hardened. The atmosphere of the life at S. Petersburg, in a rich and aristocratic circle, assists this metamorphosis; and before long she accepts the hand of a Russian prince, at whose head her friend throws her. She thinks to get merely position and wealth, with a dummy husband attached; but the Prince is a man of strong will and great culture, and she finds herself dominated. But no sooner has this become apparent to her than the lost lover, the colonel, comes across her life again, and in spite of herself she feels a recrudescence of the old passion. The end of the book is unsatisfactory, and is even poorly narrated; the rejected colonel shoots himself—or so, at least, we understand the story—outside the window of the room in which Sonia and her husband are playing chess. She is given to understand that her husband has penetrated the secret. This bald account of the fable cannot reproduce or suggest the delicate truth and engaging candour of the book, nor of the extreme sureness of touch with which the author has drawn her characters. Suffice it to say that this is one of those rare human studies of life which should not be missed by anybody who likes either sincerity or distinguished writing.

SHORTER NOTICES.

"France." By Cecil Headlam. Edinburgh: Black. 1913. 7s. 6d. net.

To write an adequate history of France from the Stone Age to the Battle of Sedan in four hundred pages of large print is clearly beyond the power of man; but Mr. Headlam might have made a much worse failure than he has. In fact, as an introduction to a great subject "for the upper forms of public schools", this book may well play a useful part. We demur to the claim that "students at the Universities" will find it of much use. If they be students in truth they should by that time have passed the stage where such elementary outlines can be of much avail. We are glad to see that Mr. Headlam enforces early in the book the great importance of the influence of Roman government upon the French character and history. It is perhaps somewhat hyperbolic to say that the whole subsequent history of France is the history of a struggle to regain the unity lost when Rome disappeared from the scene. But there can be no doubt that the theory of centralisation and the shadow of Roman organisation were always hovering in the background, and must have affected political ideas in France so soon as the ages of anarchy were passed and the power of the great feudal lords was no more. It is impossible that a country once thoroughly civilised by Rome, and for centuries governed from the capital, should have evolved politically in the same directions as countries like England, Germany, or the Scandinavian lands. Mr. Headlam does not fall into the error of modern French teaching and lead his readers to suppose that French history began in 1789—in fact, barely a sixth of his work is devoted to the events which succeeded the opening of the Revolution. It looks suspiciously as if he found his matter was exceeding its limits, and severe compression had to be employed. The treatment becomes, therefore, less adequate as the story runs on. We have, however, noted few serious errors, and the book may quite well serve a useful purpose. We do not know of any good short sketch of French history previously existing in our own language.

"Mexico and her People To-day." By Nevin O. Winter. London: Cassell. 1913. 7s. 6d. net.

An interesting book treating the subject from various points of view. Necessarily it is a popular sketch, not a

recondite history. But so far as it goes it is good. Nature made Mexico a great country. The land is so rich that much of it will produce three crops in a year. Cultivation is still primitive, but yields all the inhabitants need for themselves in corn, vegetables, fruit, and flowers. The mineral wealth of Mexico is proverbial. Mr. Winter tells the story of the silver nugget from one of its mines that weighed 2750 lb. (44,000 oz.). There was a dispute as to its ownership, so the Crown cut the knot by appropriating the whole. But Mr. Winter overrates the attraction of Mexico from the hunter's point of view, for the game to be found there is scarce, and does not make good sport. But the chief interest in the book is the account of the people, whose characteristics are very varied, as may be expected when, roughly estimated, the population consists of about 40 per cent. Indians, 40 per cent. of mixed Spanish and Indian, 20 per cent. of white. All classes are hospitable, polite, courteous, and kind, especially to strangers, and this from the highest to the lowest. They will willingly do favours if approached in the right way. No service is too great towards those for whom they have formed an attachment; they will often accompany the departing guest for a long distance over hard roads as a mark of courtesy and friendship. They are pleasure-loving, and not scrupulous as to the nature of their pleasure. They have Spanish virtues and Spanish vices. But withal they are a delightful people. Politically the author writes in a fair, detached manner. He does full justice to the great man Porfirio Diaz, also to his predecessor Juarez.

"The Pacification of Burma." By Sir Charles Crosthwaite. London: Arnold. 16s. net.

Hard as was the task of the soldier in "pacifying" Burma, that of the Chief Commissioner was harder. Not only was he responsible for the conduct of the military operations, but it was he who had to create the whole machinery of government for the new province, to nurse back to prosperity districts which had been laid waste with fire and sword by the dacoits, to bring under control the outlying tribes who, though nominally vassals to the King in Mandalay, had never really recognised his suzerainty, to open up the country by making roads, to cut canals for irrigation, to build and maintain a fleet of steamers to patrol the waterways, and to find the money for all these purposes. At first the revenue was unable to meet even the cost of the public works undertaken, and, though the Indian Government helped liberally, the strictest economy was necessary. Sir Charles did not escape severe criticism in England for many of his acts, but time has proved that his methods were the right ones under the existing conditions. The account which he has now given us of how the work was done is well worth the close study of all who are interested in the building up of the Empire. The author does not hesitate to apportion blame where it is due, but on the whole he speaks in terms of the highest praise of the men, both soldiers and civilians, who served under him. Upper Burma is now peaceful and prosperous. The wild tribes who defied the Government in the 'eighties have learnt the strength and wisdom of that Government, and their feelings nowadays were well expressed by the Kengtung Sawbwa at the Delhi Durbar of 1903: "We thought we were great men, but now we see that we are only monkeys from the jungle".

"The Art of Pianoforte Playing." By Edmondstone Duncan and Vincent Jackson. Parts I. and II. London: Dent. 1913. 2s. 6d. each.

It is a mere statement of cold fact that for upwards of one hundred years no adequate book of instruction for the piano has been issued. Since the famous "Gradus ad Parnassum" came from the press, pianoforte playing has developed at an amazing rate. Feats that would have been considered impossible, or if possible immoral, in Clementi's day are achieved every afternoon now (in the season), and excite no remark. But the teacher who knows how to play, yet requires help in the art of instruction, has been left in the lurch: the teachers who really know how to teach have kept the secret to themselves, for their own profit, of course. The popular "tutors" might be useful if pupils wanted to acquire the art of playing on, say, the virginals or the jews'-harp. This we cheerfully concede. But if a fond parent wishes his son to play a Mozart sonatina pleasantly he and the teacher are equally at a loss. "Nelly Bly shut her eye", "Home to our mountains", five-finger exercises, scales and arpeggios are used to stupefy the young pupils' faculties and debase his taste. It is a hundred years, we say, since something equal to the need appeared. Now it has appeared, and we hail it with undisguised joy. Mr. Edmondstone Duncan is not only a talented writer—he was known in London years ago as a thorough musician and a brilliant pianist. Of Mr. Vincent Jackson we cannot speak with first-hand knowledge; but the two gentlemen have conspired to produce the book that was so badly wanted and to wreck the commercial ambitions of a large number of other gentlemen who

earned handsome incomes by re-publishing "Nelly Bly" with bad fingering. We trace Mr. Duncan's hand in the selection of elementary pieces. Genuinely "catchy" tunes from Byrde, Willeby, and a dozen nearly forgotten early Continental composers are given instead of "Home to our mountains"; the directions for playing them are accurate; the exercises are as interesting as they are useful. We hope Mr. Dent will find an adequate reward for his pluck in issuing such a book as this; we hope the other two parts will be as good, and that Messrs. Duncan and Jackson will also reap a reward.

"Rambles in the Pyrenees." By F. Hamilton Jackson. London: Murray. 1912. 21s. net.

This book is the result of leisurely journeyings along the foot of the Pyrenees on the French side from Bayonne to Perpignan with many a pleasant deviation by the way. The author writes primarily as an architect, frankly admitting that much of his material has already appeared in the pages of a technical journal. Photographs, sketches, plans and technical details could not be better done. The rest of the writing is little more than padding to string together the technicalities, much in the oracular style of Hare without the mileage directions. History is freely "lifted" from recognised sources, with countryside customs and scenery conscientiously "written up". The great cathedrals of Northern France have no serious rivals in this Pyrenean country. Although S. Bertrand de Comminges and Auch stand high in Gothic achievement, yet to the world in general they are better known for the early sixteenth century exquisite wood-carving of their choirs. To the primitive stone carvers Mr. Jackson gives unstinted praise, and many of his pages are filled with detailed sketches of their rough, forceful, and at times almost Egyptian-like work, the examples from Elne being particularly telling. The book closes with a short essay on Rousillon art, in which is traced the influence of Lombardic and Spanish immigration. One cannot help wishing Mr. Jackson had strayed a little further to Nîmes, Arles, and Avignon; it is a better country.

"The Old Gardens of Italy: How to Visit them." By Mrs. Aubrey Le Blond. London: Lane. 1912. 8s. net.

The immediate reply to the title chosen by Mrs. Le Blond for her book on how to visit Italian gardens is, "Take it and (if possible) Mrs. Le Blond with you". It is a charmingly written book, and though easy and pleasing in manner there is a great deal of work and study put into it. It is full of references, which help to make up a most readable book out of what in other people's hands might probably develop into a mere guide-book; as, for instance, the story of the Admiral Andrea Doria (for whom the Palazzo Doria in Genoa was built in 1529 by Frate Montorsoli, of Florence), who celebrated his famous banquet given on the lower terrace "bordering on the sea" by throwing into it three succeeding fresh sets of plate on which the banquet was served (American millionaires please copy). We gather that even Mrs. Le Blond occasionally had difficulties to overcome in seeing all she wanted to—compare her pithy comment on the inspection of the Villa Crivelli, Inverigo, near Milan, where "visitors are not welcomed"! As a rule, however, she seems to have been made courteously welcome, and she gives us descriptions of "viales a mile long", secret grottoes, cool dripping waterways, cypress groves and fountains, and other Italian delights, emphasising thereby the truth of her prefatory remarks as to the "supreme suitability of each to its surroundings". That remark gives us really the key to the beauty of design in these old Italian gardens, and is a pendant to the equally just and sage comment that "to transport their schemes bodily to America or England must always be a mistake". Many, however, are the useful hints from them which all can borrow who possess three (or more) acre gardens, such as that of the Corsini gardens in Florence, where to make the path seem longer than it is, "the statues bordering it decrease in size as they retreat".

"Mines and their Story: Gold, Diamonds, Silver, Coal, Iron." By J. Bernard Manning. London: Sidgwick and Jackson. 1913. 16s.

This is not the work of an expert; an expert would not attempt to cover so enormous a field, but for the same reason he would probably not make so interesting a book. Gold, diamonds, silver, coal, iron: every one has its own fascinating story, and Mr. Manning has told the story well. This would make a good prize book.

We like the solid, the sound way in which Trollope's "Phineas Finn" and "Phineas Redux" are produced (3s. 6d. net each) by Messrs. Bell in four volumes. Trollope cannot be too much read to-day. He is not old-fashioned. On the contrary, he is far newer-fashioned than the bulk of

novelists to-day. Trollope writes of life, of live people, real things. He convinces—the word is a perfectly good expressive word despite protests against it of late—people who know about life and the world and men and women of it; on the contrary, the six-shilling novelist of to-day usually half convinces people who do not know much about these things. Trollope was really wonderful in his grip of realities, in his knowledge of worldly matters, in his perfect pictures of men and women. He could write of party politics too. Who can to-day?

FRENCH BOOKS.

"Les Filles de la Pluie." Par A. Savignon. Paris: Grasset. 3fr. 50c.

"L'Ordination." Par J. Benda. Paris: Emile-Paul. 3fr. 50c.

"Le Crime de Bidos." Par P. Lasserre. Paris: Plon. 3fr. 50c.

"Leur Petit Garçon." Par L. Cathlin. Paris: Perrin. 3fr. 50c.

The Goncourt academicians after examining some fifty novels for the prize they give every year fixed their attention upon these four, curiously enough all of them the works of professors.

"Les Filles de la Pluie", which eventually obtained the prize, is not exactly a novel, but a succession of scenes from the life at Ushant. The Ushant women when they appear on the mainland in the black dresses which Cottet paints so often, are supposed to bring the rain with them; hence their name and the title of this book. M. Savignon, if he enjoys their picturesqueness, does not give them credit for much virtue, and his style is not free from a brutality to which the Goncourt academicians alone are now partial. However, he is a writer, and both the wild atmosphere of Ushant and its manners are expressed in "Les Filles de la Pluie" with a powerful directness and brilliance which deserves distinction.

"L'Ordination" is a psychological novel, the novel of an intellectual who naturally will be a selfish man. The author recently published a criticism of Bergson, but in spite of himself his work is deeply tinged with Bergsonism, and is, in fact, nothing else than an illustration of Bergson's theory on the antagonism of life and intelligence. In the first part of the novel the hero enjoys perfect happiness in love—irregular love, of course—but suddenly noticing that happiness is not a tonic for genius, strives to free himself from the woman who enchants him, and naturally leaves her heart bleeding from his cruelty. In the second part the same man is married to a quiet girl, who gives him a child. His life is peaceful: nothing hinders him from his meditations. But suddenly the child falls ill, and the paternal instinct which lay dormant awakes in the philosopher. He finds himself a fond husband and parent. M. Benda concludes that once more the flesh has conquered the spirit, a shallow conclusion to a gratuitously harsh story.

"Le Crime de Bidos" is what its title purports, a detective story located in the Basque country. The author, M. Lasserre, is not by a great deal as good a novelist as he is a critic, but he has a rich Southern imagination, a perfect knowledge of the scene in which his story takes place, and his originality in these days, when everybody is aiming at novelty and trying to secure originality by means fair or foul, is in purposely selecting a well-worn subject and yet making it look anything but banal. There is also a certain bravery in a critic who is by no means indulgent running the gauntlet in his turn.

"Leur Petit Garçon" is the second novel of a very young writer. It is a realistic story, which often recalls Maupassant by the directness of the vision and the perfect sincerity of the treatment. The author has a little too much facility. Scenes from children's lives may easily verge on the childish when the writer is not on his guard.

"Initiation Philosophique." Par E. Faguet. Paris: Hachette. 2fr.

How can a man both so intelligent and so erudite as is M. Faguet waste his precious evening in writing for the book-sellers in the approved hackney style? This "Initiation Philosophique" is supposed to be an introduction to the history of philosophy, and how fresh it could have been if M. Faguet had drawn on his reading of the philosophers to show to the man in the street—who is not infrequently a man in a study with some knowledge and no insight—how simply human are the questions underlying all the great systems. Instead of this, M. Faguet gives us a thin summary, which is little better than an extract from the popular text-books, with clarity in lieu of pregnancy and cheap jokes for an originality. How superior Lewes' manly interest in his subject seems in comparison! M. Faguet by aiming solely at simplification gets merely weakness. It is, too, insufficient to speak of Socrates as a mere moralist and not even mention his inductive process. Such omissions are to be found through

the whole book. It is only when we come to the seventeenth century and the Encyclopædists that we find a few compact pages betraying long familiarity with the systems.

"Bibliothèque Française: Textes Choisis et Commentés." Paris: Plon. 1fr. 50c. each vol.

This new collection is on an original plan, and the first six volumes which have appeared simultaneously are really full of promises. The idea is to give not annotated extracts from the great French writers, but something like an indefinite lecture on French literature illustrated by quotations long enough to represent all that is essential in each writer or period. M. Villey, who is speedily becoming the authority on the movements of ideas in the sixteenth century, contributes the admirably digested volume on "Les Sources d'Idées"; M. Faguet is at his best on "Fontenelle"; M. Strowski on "Montesquieu". One is inclined to regret that the two volumes on "Chateaubriand" should have been entrusted to M. A. Beaunier, who was sure to be flippant, and the "La Fontaine" by M. Pilon will be found a little thin.

"Eulalie ou le Grec sans Larmes." Par Salomon Reinach. Paris: Hachette. 4fr. 50c.

The publication of this dainty little volume testifies to the fact that Frenchwomen are coming to Greek just when the men are giving it up. Will it help very much to the renaissance it heralds? The ideal would be not a talkative little book obviously inspired by Desmoutiers' "Lettres à Emilie" (on classical mythology), but a plain grammar with full and, if need be, familiar explanations of the forms which beginners invariably find puzzling, as the dual, the aor.-imp., the middle voice etc. There should be also a foundation of the vocabulary, but the words ought to be selected by a person realising that it is with words, as with human faces, that some are naturally interesting while others are essentially boring, and that many a boy has been discouraged by *σφραγισμένη, ἔχθρα, ἀλήθεια*, etc., whom *λαγός* and *ἀνέρεξ* might have helped on. This could be done without sacrificing more austere interests, the accentuation, for instance, which M. Reinach sometimes retains, sometimes gives up in a rather erratic manner. Greek has perished in France through two chief causes, tediousness and perfunctoriness, and it can only be restored by a method both entertaining and thorough. One excellent feature in "Eulalie" is the constant pointing out that a French child knows hundreds of Greek roots before having learned one.

"Les Origines du Roman Réaliste." Par Gustave Reynier. Paris: Hachette. 3fr. 50c.

The title of this book immediately reminds of Brunetière's memorable work on Zola and his school. Probably M. Reynier will be tempted to continue his work, and two or three volumes more would bring it down to the contemporary period. But in "Les Origines du Roman Réaliste" he has confined himself to the mediæval and sixteenth-century literature, of which he gives conscientious though colourless analyses. There is no novelty in the chapters on Rabelais, "les Cent Nouvelles" and "l'Heptaméron", and little that is of interest even in a less matter-of-course book like "La Célestine". One greatly desiderates a critical bibliography, and, above all, an index that would tell you more than that Chapter VII. is devoted to François Rabelais.

BOOKS ON ART.

"The Engravings of William Blake." By A. G. B. Russell. Thirty-two illustrations. London: Grant Richards. 1912. 25s. net.

Blake is a rare master, and perhaps best approached by his engravings. Since Rembrandt there has been no such a creative artist, and in his engraved work, wherein he was certainly better able to express his thought than in painting, we naturally get a clearer view of his grandeur. Save to collectors and special students, his prints are not well known; were Mr. Russell's book no more than a bald catalogue with thirty-two illustrations, it would be one of the few valuable contemporary publications. But it is much more; it is a catalogue made by one not only scholarly and accurate but most happily sympathetic. Descriptive catalogues may be "descriptive" à la modern Fleet Street, sentimentally subjective, or dry and dead. Mr. Russell's descriptions seem to us extraordinarily good—absolutely useful for identification purposes, and yet alive with restrained poetic feeling. His epithets are at once scientifically descriptive (for identification) and in accord with the spirit of Blake's vehemence or solemn awe. "Tears fall from his eyes and the gesture of his hands betrays unspeakable grief", and "His two grandsons are crouched

by him and press close to him on either side. His two sons sit in mute despair, propped against the bare walls (r. and l.) in front"; or, again, "The spirit . . . moves slowly towards him over a path of cloud. His features are changed by fear and his hair stands up"—these conjure up the Blakeian atmosphere of intense dread and mystic wonder simply and powerfully. We would suggest, as to the form of the pages, that headlines, or perhaps mere repetitions of the print's title, in cases where one print and its subdivisions cover several pages, would have been practical. In the light of Blake's early Basire apprenticeship, certain curious survivals, even in his late work, such as the "Christ trampling on Satan", assigned to 1827, become explained. Another point of interest is the unexpectedness of finding Blake connected with the Cosway "Venus and Adonis" and Hogarth's "Beggars' Opera". Mr. Russell notes that this Hogarth print by Blake is from the original picture in the Duke of Leeds' collection, and that this picture is a repetition of a previous version by Hogarth. There seem to have been three examples of this picture—the Leeds, the National Gallery (No. 2437), and a third. The artistic success of Mr. Russell's work should in some way repay him for the year's labour he has given it.

"Of Certain Defects in Art-Gallery Catalogues." By Montgomery Carmichael. Reprinted from "The Month", December 1912.

This pamphlet exposes certain errors made in catalogues of pictures. To avoid such errors nowadays necessitates a far wider ecclesiastical knowledge than most cataloguers possess. It is pretty safe to assume that to the ordinary National Gallery public the terms "Epistle side" and "Gospel side", as descriptive of left and right in a picture, would appear far-fetched. "To speak of a hallowed space on the right hand of the Blessed Virgin as 'the left' has a sinister sound about it", says Mr. Carmichael. He would borrow from heraldry and call it "dexter". We can easily imagine that calling the right of a picture "sinister" would mystify the public who regard the canvas from its front, not from the wall behind it. This point is the important one: quite apart from usage we do not look at pictures from the position in which knights held their shields. "Santa Conversazione" is another ground of objection. Mr. Carmichael rightly insists on its misleading nature, pointing out that in the so-called "Holy Conversations" the saints are simply not conversing or intending to converse. He also dislikes the ordinary phrase "the Madonna attended by SS. John and James", as detracting from the importance of the saints. "Donor" is another word generally abused; it seems "founder" or "client" should replace it. Again quite rightly objection is made to the loose use of "Emblem" and "Symbol" where "attribute" is meant, and to "robe" instead of "habit" where friars and monks are in question.

"Choffard." By Vera Salomons. Illustrated. London: Bumpus. 15s. net.

This little book leads off with intimidation, threatening the reader with the news that if he does not toe the line and worship Choffard his soul is a dreary waste, constructed without an artistic corner. Then it tells us, all stricken and unmanned, that we may accept its contents as a faithful representation of M. Choffard and his work. Meekly accepting this ultimatum, we go on and without a murmur swallow that Choffard's etchings are "exquisite"; that no master before or since has excelled him "in airy atmospheric vitality"; that his pencil was magic, and that his etchings for "Les Métamorphoses d'Ovide" are a looming and "colossal masterpiece". Almost ecstatically we reach the illustrations, and find them quite third-rate in design, and feeble in draughtsmanship and conception. On the other hand, we find the author's catalogue of the best-known books illustrated by her "genius", and her index worthy of a better cause.

LAW BOOKS.

"The Law of National Insurance." By J. H. Watts. London: Stevens. 1913. 12s. 6d.

It is a relief to turn to a legal text-book on the Insurance Act and find the controversial points treated with the calm and impartial scrutiny of the trained mind brought to bear on the text of the Act and supplying all possible information for forming an opinion. Instance after instance of hardships emerge which demonstrate where the consequences of the Act have not received due consideration and detract from its general benefit and the amendments that are necessary. Mr. Watts' introduction on both the Health Insurance and the Unemployment Insurance

(Continued on page 626.)

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admirably shows the general effects of both parts of the Act. The copious "literature" issued by the Insurance Commissioners has been called in aid to serve the purpose of the introduction in explaining the general idea of the scope of the Act. The Act itself is of huge proportions, the appendices issued by the Insurance Commissioners are still more voluminous, and they indicate that it is not the legal decisions but the every-day administration of a system too intricate to be understood by the public that will reveal its many defects. Most doubtful matters will be settled by the ipse dixit of the experts, and probably the Law Courts will not have many cases under it. Mr. Watts' lucid discussions of the sections does not suggest frequent interrogations in the Courts, and though his book is complete in every detail, he has not a case to quote—a grievous thing for the legal writer. In form, size, and type—beautifully clear—the book is a model of what every practical law book ought to be.

"The Law Relating to Compensation for Injuries to Workmen." By C. M. Knowles. London: Stevens. Third Edition. 1912. 15s.

If lawyers do not make much by the Insurance Act, they have always the Workmen's Compensation Act to fall back on. Since 1906 Mr. Knowles has published three editions of his work, and there are thirty-five pages of decided cases. Between the last edition and this some hundreds of cases have been decided in England, Scotland, and Ireland, and they are all here. This new edition also includes a new section on the relations of the National Insurance Act to the Workmen's Compensation Act. Thousands of workmen obtain compensation who would have had no right under the common law or the Employers' Liability Acts; but litigation has increased. This is partly due to employers' insurance, and to the Insurance Societies being determined litigants; but especially to the extraordinary difficulty connected with the definition of "accident". The doctors, too, with their medical refinements, have kept pace with the subtle distinctions of the lawyers. The Insurance Act will not increase the number of compensation cases, but it may possibly bring in the approved societies as litigants. An insured workman with a claim under the Compensation Act, who, under the Insurance Act, is entitled to his ten shillings a week, will not care to sue for his compensation if it is less than that amount. The Society may deprive him of his benefits to compel him to sue, or it may sue in his place; but if it should lose it would have to bear the costs, so that in some cases the employer may gain at the expense of the Society.

"Imperatoris Iustiniani Institutionum Libri Quattuor." Edited by J. B. Moyle. Oxford: At the Clarendon Press. 1913. 14s. net.

"Elementary Principles of Roman Private Law." By W. W. Buckland. Cambridge: At the University Press. 1913. 10s. 6d. net.

The study of Roman law—so long neglected in this country—has now advanced so far as to have a considerable indigenous literature standing to its credit. Of Dr. Moyle's well-known edition of the "Institutes" it is unnecessary to say more than that the latest edition is mainly differentiated from its predecessors by the adoption (with due acknowledgments) of Professor Holland's device of printing in heavy type the passages taken from Gaius, although with an eye more to the spirit than the letter, the object being to point out substantial parallelisms in principle rather than verbal similarities in the texts. Dr. Moyle in his preface expresses the belief that the lack of good elementary manuals in English will be remedied by the publication of Mr. Buckland's "Elementary Principles". Mr. Buckland's book, which has now been published, fully justifies all legitimate expectations. Elementary text-books on Roman law have hitherto partaken too much of the nature of tabular analyses and have tended to confirm the impression commonly found among students in the early stages that the Roman law, unfamiliar in its terminology and dealing to a great extent with conceptions which are of little apparent importance in our own system, is deficient in actuality. Mr. Buckland, whose object is "to discuss institutions, rather than to state rules", is to be congratulated on supplying a handbook which, while avoiding the dangers of over-tabulation, will furnish a guide to the texts in a form which is readable without being discursive and accurate without being pedantic. His treatment of the topics connected with testamentary disposition and of bonorum possessio is particularly luminous. We can imagine nothing more distinct from the ordinary cram-book than this very scholarly little treatise.

For this Week's Books see page 628.

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BIBI EIBAT OIL COMPANY, LTD.

MR. HERBERT ALLEN, presiding at the statutory meeting of this Company, said their cash resources, after paying all the expenses of the reconstruction, were between £93,000 and £100,000, besides which they had 25,000 shares still unissued of the original capital of £250,000. The preliminary expenses, instead of being £5000, as estimated in the prospectus, were not unlikely to be less than £2000. They were pressing the Russian Government for the reduction in royalties promised two or three years ago, and unless that reduction were granted they would sink no new wells at Bibi Eibat, but would employ their new capital in fields where the conditions were less oppressive, although their lands at Baku were far from exhausted. At the present time they were paying the Government nearly £1500 per week in royalties. Their production at the moment was rather low, but the high price of oil largely compensated them for this and other drawbacks, and current profits justified the prospectus estimates. The shareholders would be interested to know that the Company possessed lands at Djenghi, or Djingy, the new oilfield north of Baku, which many eminent geologists regarded with great favour, and they had recently acquired interests at Adji-Cabul, which was also regarded as a prospective oilfield of much promise. Their General Manager, Mr. A. I. Mancho, was a petroleum engineer of the highest standing and ability, and enjoyed the fullest confidence of the Board. A number of their old wells were about to be taken in hand for repair, and this should help to restore the output to the level of three or four months ago. The new deep well started in 1911 they hoped to finish this year. They had made a contract with the Schibaeff Company, under which, for a period of two years, they were assured a minimum price of 30 kopeks per pood, without any limit to the maximum. It was intended to increase the authorised share capital from £250,000 to £312,500, and with the proceeds retire the whole of the Debentures, which had already been reduced by the scheme of reconstruction from £125,000 to £62,500. The annual saving in interest charges and drawings would be equal to nearly 12½ per cent. on the increased amount of share capital. They had applied for a quotation of their shares in the official list, and expected it to be granted in two or three weeks' time. The reconstruction of the Company had been, in a financial sense, an unqualified success, and in a commercial sense it should be equally so when they got over their passing troubles. They would be receiving remittances almost immediately in respect of current profits, and before the next meeting the shareholders should receive an interim dividend.

ANGLO-PORTUGUESE TELEPHONE COMPANY, LTD.

MR. HERBERT ALLEN, presiding over the twenty-sixth Ordinary General Meeting of this Company, said that this was the eighth occasion on which he had occupied the chair, and on looking over the records he found that each year's income had shown an increase over that of its predecessor. For 1912, which was the year they were now dealing with, the gross revenue amounted to £62,919, an increase of £5,874 over the previous year. Their gross profit amounted to £25,195, the ratio of expenses to receipts being about 57½ per cent., which he believed compared satisfactorily with that of other similar undertakings. The total number of new contracts effected during the year was 1283, or more than double the number of withdrawals, the net increase being 671; nor was there any sign at present of any slackening in the rate of progress. The total number of calls for the year was 17,993,503, and the average charge to their subscribers was little more than 3d. per call. Many people in this country would be glad if their telephone service cost them only 3d. per message; over here we had to be thankful to get a successful call at any price. Personally, he had little hesitation in saying that if they gave the Portuguese public no better service than the British public got, the Company would have been kicked out of Portugal long ago, and very rightly so. After careful consideration, it had been determined to erect an Exchange in the northern part of Lisbon, and, a suitable site having been secured on favourable conditions from the municipality, plans for a fully equipped and up-to-date Exchange had been prepared and building operations commenced. Their gross profit for the year was £25,195, to which had to be added £5,382 brought in from the previous year, giving a total available sum of £30,577. Of this, debenture interest and sinking fund together absorbed £3,600, and income tax £868. The Board proposed once more to add £12,500 to the reserve fund, bringing it up to the respectable total of £62,500. They again, for the sixth year in succession, recommended a dividend of 8 per cent., of which 3 per cent. was distributed in October last. This would absorb a sum of £8,000, and there would remain to be carried forward a balance of £5,609, which was a trifle more than they had left over a year ago. On the whole he thought they might congratulate themselves on the progress and stability of their business, and if they never did worse than in 1912 they would have little to complain of. The report and accounts were unanimously adopted.

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